dmund Wilson, Then and Now *Richard Gilman*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 2, 1966, 35 cents

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

JUN 28 1966

The Sleepwalkers

President Johnson and the Secretary General of the United Nations are on a collision course over Vietnam. At his July 18 press conference, Mr. Johnson said that "we must continue to raise the cost of aggression." Two days later, U Thant urgently proposed ending US bombing of North Vietnam, scaling down military activity in South Vietnam, and negotiations. By hinting that he may quit, the Secretary General in effect was notifying the big powers that if they want him to stay, they will have to give him the means to carry out his peace-keeping responsibilities. Senator Mansfield has suggested a meeting between Secretary of State Dean Rusk and the Foreign Minister of China, and a Canadian and a Frenchman have taken fresh soundings in Hanoi. But the Vietnamese (mostly Southern) who are fighting the Americans are not prepared to cry Uncle Sam and give up. And Lyndon Johnson gloomily tells reporters he has "no information that I could make available that would give you any encouragement." He did exclaim, "Let the killing stop," which U Thant says too, but there the similarity ends. President Johnson, Defense

(Continued on page 5)

NEWSPAPER NEWSPAPER

HOECC6 H1SM36 I78O3 S&S

GUY W BAILEY
SERIALS DEPT
UNIV OF VERMONT
BURLINGTON VT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you have an appreciation for fine books on the arts—books such as those shown here—a membership in the Seven Arts Book Society will enable you to obtain these and other such books at savings that will continue for as long as you choose to remain a member.

Expertly selected from the overwhelming number of art books published each year—the yield from scores of publishers, both domestic and foreign—are those works that meet the standards of quality Society members have come to take for granted. Then, large printings in the publisher's own edition enable Seven Arts to offer these books at prices up to 60% less than retail.

We invite you to enroll in this unique Society—to reap the benefits of our nearly two decades of experience. You will be afforded the opportunity to obtain the finest books on the arts—lavishly illustrated, handsomely bound and printed books that will most certainly add elegance and beauty to any home.

To introduce you to the many benefits offered by Seven Arts, you may choose any one of the magnificent books listed here for only $5.00. These recent selections of the Society should give you a clear indication of the excellence you can expect during the course of your membership.

The terms of this offer are simple. You need not purchase a book each month. You need only accept four more of the many outstanding works that will be offered to you at members' savings in the course of the coming year. All books will be explained in your monthly copy of the Seven Arts News in which you will also find special offers enabling you to obtain free books.

Here, truly, is a rare opportunity to add to your home library—conveniently and inexpensively—some of the most magnificent books ever published. Why not accept our invitation to membership and mail the enrollment form while this offer is still fresh in your mind.

Any one for only $5

The Seven Arts Book Society S66-7NR1
One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Please enroll me as a member of the Seven Arts Book Society and send me the Selection whose title I have indicated below. Regardless of the regular retail price, you will bill me only $5 plus postage and handling. In all, I need only purchase four more books in the next year from the many that will be offered at prices substantially less than retail—then I may cancel my membership at any time. As a member I will also be entitled to receive free books by responding to the offers explained in my monthly copy of the Seven Arts News.

INTRODUCTORY BOOK: _____

—or—

☐ *Check here if, instead, you wish to receive the complete twelve volume set of GREAT AGES OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE — $60 retail value — for only $15.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Vision and Value: Education of Vision; The Nature and Art of Motion; Structure in Art and Science. A three-volume set edited by Gyorgy Kepes. Over 450 ills. *Retail $37.50.*

Master Watercolors, *Paul Vogt, Will Grohmann, and others.* 36 ills., with 12 matted facsimile repros. in full color. (12 x 13 inches). *Retail $17.50.*

Painting In The Twentieth Century, *Werner Haftmann.* Two volumes, boxed. 868 pages, 6½ x 9½ inches. 1061 ills. with 50 in color. *Retail $15.*

Michelangelo, *Fredrick Hartt.* 160 pages, 10 x 13 inches. 134 ills. with 48 tipped-in color plates. *Retail $15.*

Encyclopedia Of Modern Architecture, *ed. by Wolfgang Pehnt.* Texts by 31 noted architectural historians. 336 pages, 7½ x 10 inches. 442 ills. *Retail $15.*

Persian Architecture, *Arthur U. Pope.* 320 pages, 9¾ x 10½ inches. More than 400 ills. with 34 in color. *Retail $25.*

Turner, *J. Rothstein and M. Butlin.* 236 pages, 9 x 12 inches. 214 ills. with 24 in color. *Retail $20.*

The Flowering Of The Italian Renaissance, *André Chastel.* 416 pages, 9 x 11 inches. Over 300 ills.—107 in color, 62 in sepia. *Retail $25.*

Ise: Prototype of Japanese Architecture, *intro by John Burchard.* 212 pages, 10¼ x 11¼ inches. 114 photos. 20 line drawings. *Retail $17.50.*

Toulouse-Lautrec: His Complete Lithographs and Drypoints, *Jean Adhémar.* 418 pages, 9¼ x 13 inches. 368 full-page repros. with 54 in color. *Retail $22.50.*

GREAT AGES OF ARCHITECTURE

I. Roman, Gothic, Baroque and Rococo, and Modern architecture. Four volumes, boxed. *Retail $20.*

II. Greek, Medieval, Early Christian and Byzantine, and Renaissance architecture. Four volumes, boxed. *Retail $20.*

III. Japanese, Chinese and Indian, Pre-Columbian, and Western Islamic architecture. Four volumes, boxed. *Retail $20.*

Note: You may take **any one** *of the sets of GREAT AGES OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE for only $5.00 or, as a special offer, you may take all three sets—12 volumes in all, retail $60.00—for only $15. Simply check the box on the coupon.*

Goya: His Complete Etchings, Aquatints and Lithographs, *Enrique L. Ferrari.* 324 pages, 9 x 13 inches. 294 ills. *Retail $17.50.*

Ben Shahn: Paintings and Graphic Art, *James Thrall Soby.* Two volumes, boxed. 285 pages, 8½ x 11 inches. 236 repros. with 32 in color. *Retail $25.*

Cities, *Lawrence Halprin.* 224 pages, 10¼ x 8¼ inches. 400 ills. *Retail $15.*

Dürer: The Complete Engravings, Etchings, and Woodcuts; *Karl-Adolf Knappe.* Over 400 pages, 10 x 13¾ inches. Nearly 400 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts. *Retail $18.50.*

New York Proclaimed, *V. S. Pritchett.* 245 pages, 8½ x 11 inches. 112 full-page photos with 22 in color. *Retail $15.*

Greek Sculpture, *R. Lullies.* 398 pages, 9¼ x 12¼ inches. 323 ills. with 11 in color. *Retail $17.50.*

Key Monuments In The History Of Architecture, *Alfred Frazer.* 536 pages, 6¾ x 10 inches. 771 ills. *Retail $17.50.*

Design For Modern Living, *Gerd and Ursula Hatje.* 320 pages, 8¾ x 11¾ inches. 494 ills. with 105 in color. *Retail $17.50.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS

FREE record and catalog

WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION

to demonstrate a unique service for collectors of classical music

THE COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

- **AUDITION IN YOUR OWN HOME the latest classical releases from Columbia Records**
- **ORDER ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT — no obligation to buy, no minimum to purchase**
- **CHOOSE A RECORD FREE with every record you purchase at catalog price**
- **PLUS a revolutionary concept — RECORD INSURANCE**

Now you can save more than ever before on the classical records you want — with no minimum commitment or obligation.

As a Charter Subscriber of the new *Columbia Masterworks Subscription Service,* you will be entitled to choose as many — or as few — records as you wish, direct from the Columbia Masterworks Catalog *for about half the catalog price.* You may even audition new releases at home. But you will *never* be obligated to buy.

How the Service works

When you mail in the coupon below, we will send you — free and without obligation — a copy of AUDITION, the 12" long-playing record shown above, plus the complete Columbia Masterworks Catalog. *These are yours to keep, whether or not you join.*

The Masterworks Catalog contains more than 2,000 of the greatest performances ever recorded. They range from Concerti Grossi to Classical Jazz. From Sweelinck to Richard Burton's Hamlet.

If you become a subscriber, you will at once be entitled to select as many long-playing records as you wish (monaural or stereo) from the Catalog or AUDITION.

A record FREE with every one you buy

With every record you buy, you may immediately choose another record *free.* Your records will be shipped promptly, and you will be billed — for the records you purchase only — at regular Service prices. (A small mailing and handling charge is added for each record.)

Every three months you will receive a new 12" long-playing record of AUDITION, containing passages from new Columbia Masterworks releases. The performing artist or a distinguished commentator provides spoken program notes and critical commentary for each passage.

You will continue receiving these quarterly AUDITION records, accompanied by supplements updating your Masterworks Catalog, as long as you are a subscriber — *whether or not you buy any records.*

Insurance against worn or damaged records

An *additional* benefit never before offered is our unique *Record Insurance.* As a subscriber, you may always replace worn or damaged records acquired through the Service for only $1.00 each. It also entitles you to order stereo records, to replace monaural records acquired through the Service, for the same nominal $1.00 fee.

Send for free copies of AUDITION and the Catalog

The annual subscription fee for the *Columbia Masterworks Subscription Service* is only $5.00 — but send no money now. To receive your free AUDITION record and Masterworks Catalog, just fill out and mail the coupon. They are yours to hear, examine, enjoy and *keep* — without obligation. Then, if you decide to subscribe, you may *also* select a free record from the Catalog or from the AUDITION record immediately. Mail the coupon today!

Your first copy of AUDITION includes, among others, selections from these recent albums . . .

Bruno Walter's Mahler: (Das Lied von der Erde and Symphony #9.) N. Y. Phil./The Col. Sym. Orch.

Beethoven: "Emperor" Concerto. Glenn Gould, Stokowski, Amer. Sym. Orch.

Stravinsky: Pulcinella. Stravinsky, Col. Sym. Orch.

The Virtuoso Oboe, Vol. 4. Lardrot, oboe Janigro, I Solisti di Zagreb

Tchaikovsky: March Slav. Ormandy, Phila. Orch.

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Colin Davis, London Sym. Orch.

Mozart: Syms. #33 & #28, Overture to Marriage of Figaro. Szell, Cleveland Orch.

Khachaturian: Violin Concerto. Szeryng, Dorati, London Sym. Orch.

Beethoven: The "Rasumovsky" Quartetes. Juilliard String Quartet

Honegger/Debussy. Bernstein, N. Y. Phil.

COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE, Dept. 954-9
A service of Columbia Record Club
North Terre Haute, Indiana 47805

Please reserve my Charter Subscription, and send at once my *free* 12" long-playing AUDITION record and Columbia Masterworks Catalog. If I decide to subscribe, I will send you $5.00 as my annual fee, and I may immediately choose a *free* record. During the coming year I will receive three more quarterly AUDITION records, plus supplements to the Catalog, containing all current releases. For each record I purchase, I may choose another record *free.* However, I am under no obligation to buy any records. If I do not wish to subscribe, I will simply write "Cancel" across the invoice you send me and return it promptly. However, the AUDITION record and Masterworks Catalog will be mine to keep without obligation.

Name.....
(Please print)
Address.....
City..... State..... Zip Code.....

☐ **Check here if you want AUDITION sent to you in stereo**

© 1966 Columbia Record Club MSS-15/F66

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

Texas Cougar and Friends

★ What a solemn bunch they are, to be sure, the world's leaders. In Peking they endlessly chant "pirates!" and "cannibals!" In Moscow, Brezhnev and Kosygin are doubtless good Communists, but my, are they dull – old man Khrushchev was a mad wag by contrast. General de Gaulle is aloof as an Alp. Harold Wilson has ice water in his veins. And here we have LBJ. Fine, hard-working chap, no doubt, and as much fun for a picnic as a hungry Texas cougar.

We offer these reflections after mulling over the speeches last month that turned Defense Secretary McNamara into a human being. We were away at the time and only caught the echo of the startled response. On reading them now we think part of the favorable reaction came from people's boredom. They were resigned to the idea that public speeches must be Grade A Ceremonial Mount Sinai.

The President had just pleaded for intellectuals' support at Princeton, denounced Vietnam critics as "Nervous Nellies" at Chicago, and ended in Washington by approving differences of opinion. In the midst of this confusing barrage McNamara went up to Montreal and told the newspaper editors a lot of novel things in a warm philosophic tone. Yes, he said, the draft is unfair. Period. It was electrifying. Harvard's President Pusey criticizes McNamara's proposal for two years' national service for all youngsters, but we think he misses the point, namely, that McNamara was cracking through old stereotypes. The Defense Secretary concluded by asking unexpectedly, "Who is Man?" Frankly, we don't know the answer, but it is titillating to be asked by the Pentagon boss.

In the second speech, at Chatham College, reporters complained there wasn't much hard news but, frankly, we liked it. A little lightness of touch isn't amiss in this Administration. In the current Vietnam gloom officials go around with a fixed smile tattooed to a stiff upper lip. Bill Moyers is about the only one at the White House who isn't heavy-handed, and the Southern Baptists tried to go after *him* for dancing the watusi in the White House while a war's on. Some dreary Republicans thought they could get political mileage out of it, which only shows how sad the times really are.

We thought McNamara's Chatham address was quite graceful; granted that you have to be professionally jocular at your daughter's graduation. There was that bit about the brontosaurus. What a boon the Silurian age has been to latter-day metaphor makers! Anyway, McNamara said that social, economic, political and religious organizations tend to grow bigger and more complex like the brontosaurus and it's self-defeating. Reflecting on the latter (who grew 80 feet long) Secretary McNamara, who handles half the federal budget, observed that it was "a classic case of undermanagement. . . . He could not accommodate to change. He could not remain relevant to his environment." In short, the lizard weighed 40 tons with a golf-ball brain. Bigness wasn't enough.

It was the same message McNamara took to Montreal: beyond a certain point a nation doesn't get safer by growing thicker armor plate: "The decisive factor . . . is the character of its relationship with the world."

Reagan for President?

★ We had our first look at Ronald Reagan the other day. He is being typecast as a nice-guy, national political leader. His handlers are the California promoters, Spencer & Roberts. If he beats Pat Brown for governor he will be considered for the Presidency, according to David Broder, *New York Times* political writer. Here is how Broder put it: ". . . in the eyes of many of those present, the Washington debut of a potential presidential candidate." Still, Reagan is less imposing than expected, about middle height with an air of modest decency, a fine crop of hair, and a homogenized mind. "One of the great problems of economics," he explained, "is unemployment." The crowd cheered. "For every ounce of federal help we get we surrender an ounce of personal freedom." "There's no such thing as left or right any more; it's up or down." Steady cheers right along; it was a National Press Club audience.

He delivered opening gags and nifties with the skill of a professional entertainer. We found ourself asking, Why isn't it a good idea to elect a manageable actor like Reagan, and then let a knowledgeable firm like Spencer & Roberts run California? It seemed like a good point until we began listening to Reagan's views and heard the crowd cheer. Years ago Americans debated whether it wasn't unfair to take away from immigrants the right to work a 10-hour-day for a seven-day-week. We caught echoes of this in everything Reagan said. We knew that pretty soon he was going to say, "I am not a politician" (he did), and add, "Ordinary citizens created this country of ours" (Flourish. Cheers).

Reagan is anti-labor, anti-Negro, anti-intellectual, anti-planning, anti-20th Century. We rather suspect Brown will take him. We can't really believe the old bogey of federal government still scares Californians. To help US stoop labor by barring *braceros*, he implied, was bad – US industries are now emigrating to Mexico. How about replacing *braceros* with some of those Negroes trapped in Watts? Wouldn't work, Reagan replied; it was just *too* easy for them to get back on the relief rolls.

Reagan said in his modest, low-keyed, reasonable way that of course he favored the goal of civil rights; but he opposed the actual bill as unconstitutional (like Goldwater). No, he wouldn't repudiate the John Birch Society, nor reject support from members. Some things are going on at the University of California (Berkeley) he said, "I could not tell you in *this* audience; they were too shocking."

The Supreme Court decision for police court reform? Of course he opposed it. "I'm against the idea that the criminal must be protected from society, rather than the other way around!" Applause.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 155 Number 1 Issue 2693 July 2, 1966*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $9; Foreign $10; Armed Forces personnel or students, $7. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright © 1966 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

COMMENT – 1-11
The Sleepwalkers; Risk Being Fired; Fair Housing in Trouble; Will They, Won't They?; Vandalism in the Capitol

Despite Negro Opposition A Negro Might Make It – *John Beecher* 11
Investing in Mutual Funds – *Mordecai Rosenfeld* 13
West Side Story – *David A. Satter* 15
Elections in Vietnam – *Tran Van Dinh* 19

BOOKS – *Reviews by Richard Gilman, Alex Campbell, Jeremy J. Stone* 23

POEM *by Laurence Lieberman* 24

BLACK WRITING *by Michael Furay* 32

CORRESPONDENCE 35

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Books and Arts Editor – Robert Evett
Associate Editors – James Ridgeway, Andrew Kopkind
Staff Writer – David Sanford
Assistant to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes, Joseph Featherstone, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Murray Kempton, Helen Hill Miller

Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White, Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

The Sleepwalkers

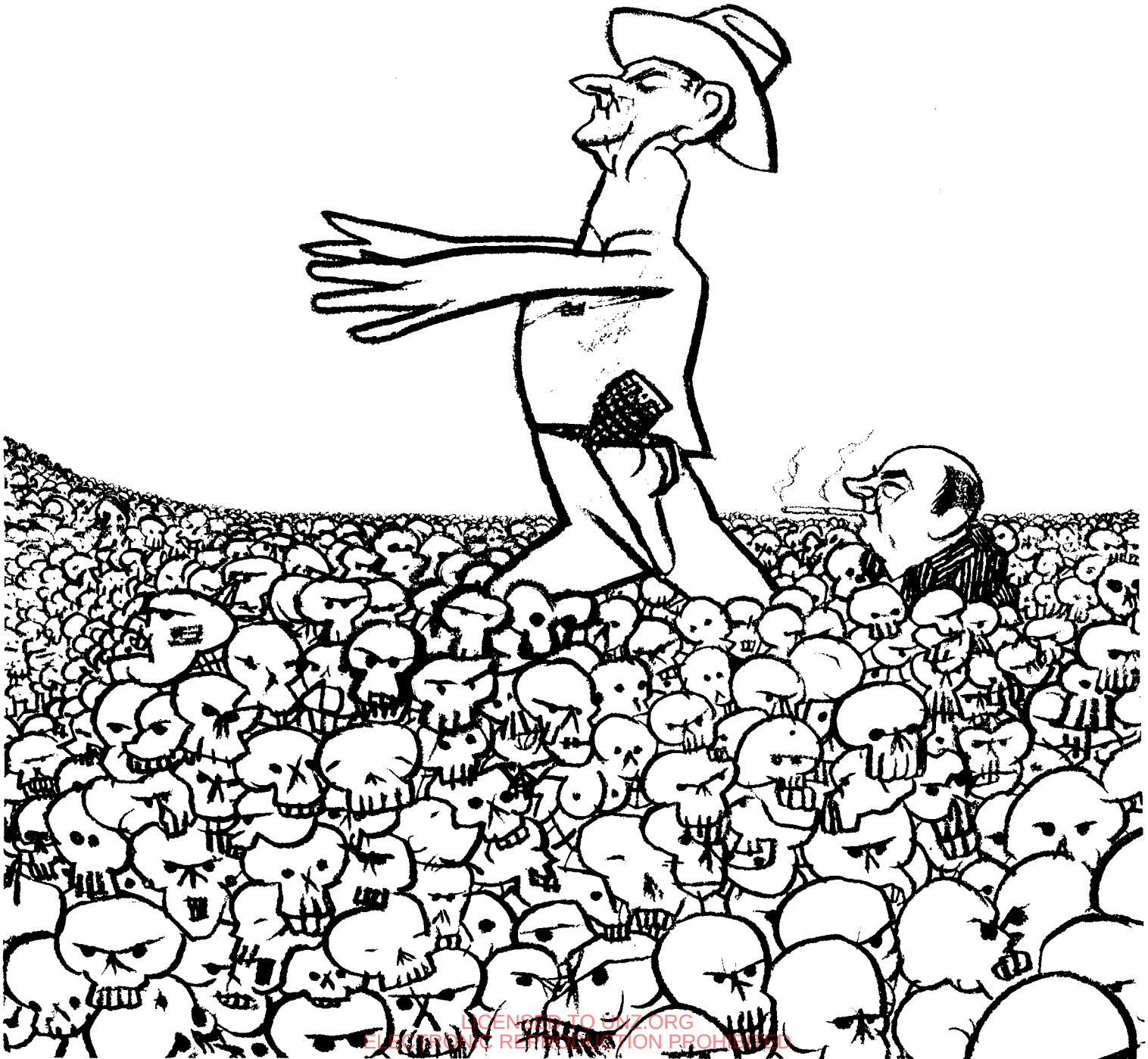
Secretary McNamara and Secretary Rusk are still reaching out like somnambulists for the Holy Grail of military victory, and one doesn't negotiate a victory. The President told the press that so far this year 2,200 Americans have been killed in Vietnam, and 4,300 South Vietnamese, but that "the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese have lost three times our combined losses . . . 22,500 of their men." The President is mesmerized by voices telling him that just one more turn of the escalation screw will "defeat aggression." Then peace will come – on our terms. So we stumble on, toward more bombing of the North, perhaps soon to include oil depots and industrial plants in the heavily populated Hanoi-Haiphong area, and more "Operation Mashers" in the South. It is not just combatants who will pay. The figures he gave of losses this year do not refer to noncombatant casualties; we do not know how many civilians are getting killed.

"In the past few weeks," Mr. Johnson reported, "the battle in Vietnam has become more intense. The large forces infiltrated from the North into the South in recent months are being engaged. . . ." Yet it was to slow down or prevent such infiltration that the US began hitting North Vietnam more than 16 months ago. The bombing seems to have transformed what was only a dubious State Department White Paper theory about infiltration into reality. But Mr. Johnson has now switched theories. "The aggressor," he said, "presently bases his hopes more on political differences in Saigon and Washington than on his military capacity in South Vietnam." Mr. Johnson does not deny that these "political differences" are real. He admits that "a minority of our people are willing to pull out" of Vietnam – 35 percent, according to the June Gallup poll.

Meanwhile, in South Vietnam dissatisfaction with the war, with the American presence and with the government takes the form of violent demonstrations, which Ky's troops suppress. The job of fighting the Viet Cong is left increasingly to the Americans. If the President were awake to reality, could he go on saying that "we are there to permit a young nation to develop its own destiny"?

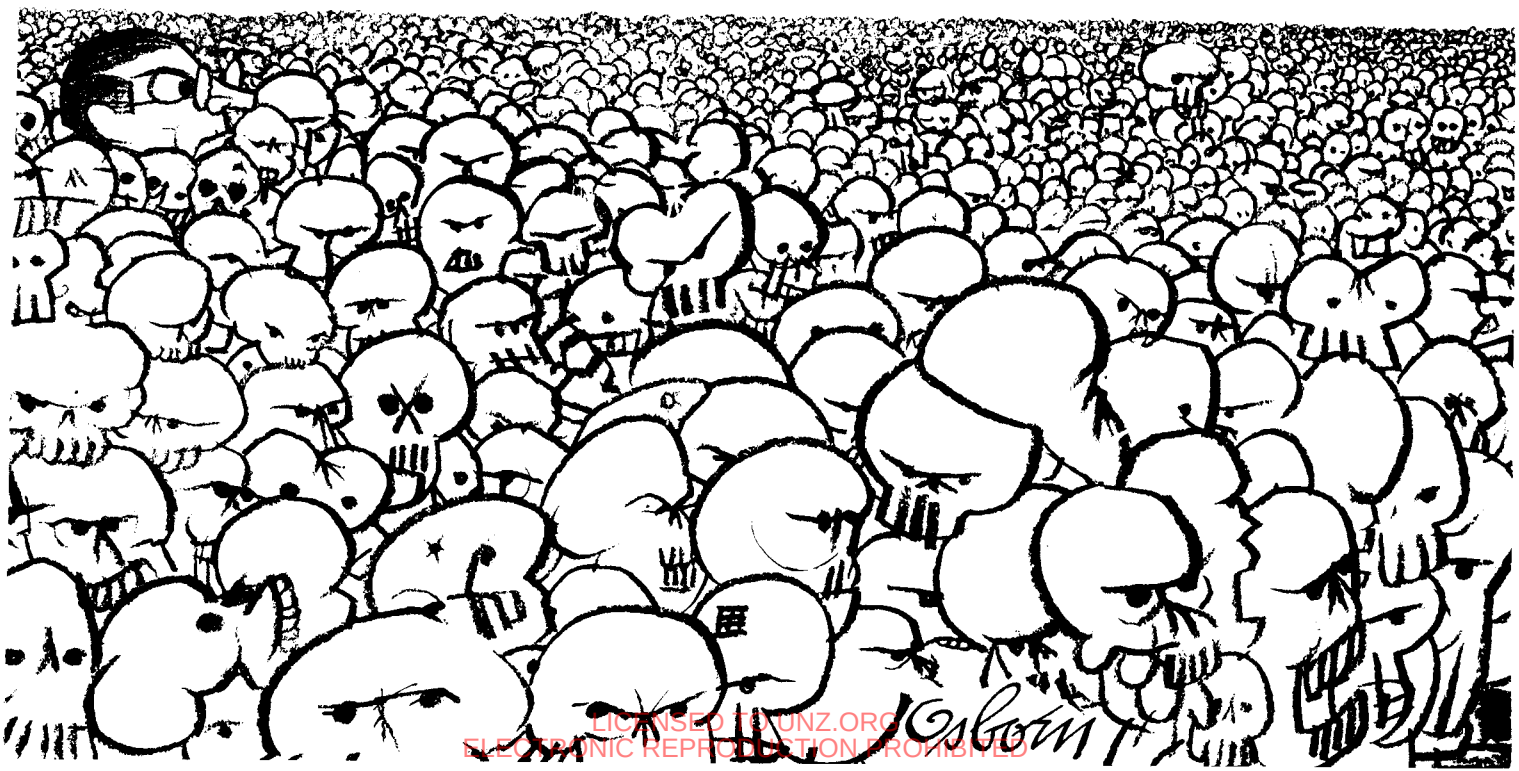
This undeclared war, which U Thant calls one of the most barbarous in history, promises to get hotter this summer. It won't be the first time that the President has seemingly preferred escalation to serious attempts at negotiation. In February last year, the Russian Prime Minister was visiting Hanoi and the Chinese were bitterly accusing Russia of trying to promote a settlement by calling for an international conference on Indochina; that's when the US decided to start bombing North Vietnam. In April *(Continued on page 8)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sleepwalkers



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last year, the North Vietnamese Prime Minister, in order to get the Americans out, talked about a reconvening of the 1954 Geneva Conference, which ended the French fighting in Vietnam; the President said, "we will not withdraw, either openly or under the cloak of a meaningless agreement." Another 15,000 soldiers were sent to Vietnam. On July 28 last year, Mr. Johnson said, "we are ready now as we always have been to move from the battlefield to the conference table." But he heard "no answer" from "the other side" and raised the US commitment by another 50,000 men; this was 12 days after Hanoi radio hinted at a settlement on the lines of the one the US agreed to in 1962 in Laos. Last December, after Ambassador Goldberg was told by the Italians that the North Vietnamese leaders were still seeking "application of the Geneva accords" but wouldn't negotiate if the bombing of their country was stepped up, our Air Force for the first time bombed the Haiphong area.

Then, from December 24 to January 31 this year, the US suspended bombing of the North. Washington said it would welcome a conference on Southeast Asia and would accept the Geneva Agreements of 1954 (Vietnam) and 1962 (Laos) as an adequate basis for peace talks. Another high Soviet official visited Hanoi. Hanoi radio broadcast a letter sent by Ho Chi Minh to various governments, proposing that the US negotiate with the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front. Hopes rose. Simultaneously, the US launched "Operation Masher," a huge military onslaught in Central Vietnam that included the biggest landing by Marines since Inchon in Korea in 1950. Bombing of North Vietnam was resumed.

We escalate, they escalate. Hanoi has feared to commit itself frankly to a negotiable compromise, lest the Viet Cong, who have been fighting 20 years, feel betrayed; this country has balked at any moves that might upset the regime in Saigon, thus risking an eventual take-over by our adversaries. In September, 1964, the US rejected a North Vietnamese offer to hold talks in neutral Burma, for to do so might have doomed the shaky Saigon regime. All along, Mr. Johnson has been gripped by the ghostly fancy that our national security, the welfare of all Asians, perhaps even civilization, depends upon which Vietnamese govern in Saigon. The bombing of North Vietnam in February 1965, conveniently took attention away from anti-government Buddhist demonstrations that included sacking the USIA library in Hue. Twice, Secretary Rusk felt obliged to say that making concessions to the NLF would be like rewarding a burglar – as if dissident Vietnamese were intruders in their own country.

Now there is danger that further escalation could thwart the South Vietnamese elections this September, to which President Johnson is pledged. The plain intent of elections is to replace the unpopular Ky regime with a civilian government. And in the Vietnamese current state of war weariness, such a government might well try to find some accommodation with the Viet Cong. Would Washington welcome the opportunity thus given to pull back its troops? On this the President is silent. He does say he wants to have a repeat of his Honolulu meeting with representatives of South Vietnam. Which representatives? Well, "just who will be there will have to be determined by events," Mr. Johnson replies. Amid such dark uncertainties, a stepped-up war makes no sense at all. Instead, Washington should be praying, and more than praying, that elections in the South this fall will produce, without interference from Ky, a national assembly which would negotiate a cease-fire.

Risk Being Fired

The 100 law students added this summer to the Office of Education may help Education Commissioner Harold Howe raise hell about segregated schools. Howe told a school administrators' conference in New York that hell is what they should be raising; the law students' summer job is to help push along integration, and it needs pushing. Racially segregated schools have been illegal since 1954, but according to Howe the South's snail's progress has been offset by increasing school segregation in Northern cities, and the majority of whites want it that way. Howe therefore proposes that school officials form a "third front for racial equality in the United States" – tougher than the civil rights gradualists, wilier than the civil rights demonstrators, and deliberately using their education expertise to get school integration moving. "We cannot," he said, "wait for mayors and city councils to do the work they hired us to do. And sometimes we must do work they don't want us to do." Local school administrators could redraw school boundaries and consolidate with neighboring districts. Children could be redistributed among schools for better racial balance. Adroit use could be made of the 70-odd programs administered by the Office of Education – and the federal sums of money that go with them – to accelerate integration in terms of the 1965 Civil Rights Act which in effect says: no desegregation, no federal money.

Howe urged school officials to put their jobs on the line and risk being fired by deliberately irritating many white voters, parents and taxpayers, embarrassing some governors and mayors, and alarming some newspaper publishers, all in a just cause. He reminded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them: "Our predecessors in the classroom helped 20 million European immigrants become Americans and we haven't stopped bragging about it yet." They would really have something to brag about by convincing today's young Negro "that the US is his home . . . not a cage to be fought out of."

Fair Housing in Trouble

It may be a measure of the waning "mandate for change" that the 1966 civil rights bill – or at least its major section on "fair housing" – is in deep trouble in Congress. "I'd write it off completely," says a congressional aide working on the bill. House and Senate Republicans are dead set against it. Senator Dirksen thinks it is "absolutely unconstitutional"; he doesn't mean by this that the Supreme Court wouldn't uphold such a law (it most probably would), but that he thinks it shouldn't. Rep. Gerald Ford finds the section (Title IV of the bill) abominable, and offers the opinion that many Democrats "can't stomach it either."

He is probably right. Although fair housing is the next logical step in the succession of antidiscrimination legislation that began in response to the Negro "revolution" in 1957, it is not easily taken. For one thing, it is in some ways a leap – from laws designed to remove legal restrictions, to those entailing a kind of social and economic leveling. Conservatives (John Kenneth Galbraith once said) put property rights ahead of human rights; moderates think they're about equal. And this is still a Congress of moderates. It may be unpleasant for some to accept Negroes in schools, in the voting booth or at lunch counters. But when Negroes could cause a drop in property values, a red light flashes.

For another, the fair housing bill is the first which significantly affects Northerners. Other laws specifically excluded them: the 1964 Act prohibited action against "racial imbalance," that is, *de facto* segregation – the plague of Northern schools. Property desegregation hits at every corner of white Northern suburbia.

It is an immensely unpopular idea. Half a dozen cities have rejected open occupancy laws by referenda, and Californians actually repealed a legislature-passed fair housing law (and prohibited any future ones of that sort) two-to-one in the same election that gave Lyndon Johnson a 1.2-million-vote plurality over Senator Goldwater. One liberal California congressman reports that his mail is running 25-to-one against fair housing. A senator says his mail is about 100-to-one against it from the South, and 125-to-one against it from the North.

More than that, as a senatorial assistant said, "the country doesn't care about civil rights this year." The movement is in a sense "discredited. Established leaders have lost their power and their zeal, and the new leaders aren't 'respectable'." What enthusiasm there is for the bill has come in almost direct response to the Meredith shooting, or the attack on Dr. King in Neshoba County. Attorney General Katzenbach was lucky enough to be testifying before the Senate civil rights subcommittee the day Meredith was shot. He opened the morning with an emotional news report on the incident; one of the Southerners on the subcommittee wondered what that had to do with open housing, but in any case the point was made. "It's a sad world," a civil rights lobbyist said later, "that the only things that help us are all the disgusting things in the country." Katzenbach and civil rights leaders use the threat of more Negro "explosions" as their main political argument for the bill. Fair housing, the attorney general allowed, might cut into the "despair which has at times contributed to violent outbreaks against society itself." "If the present civil rights bill should be defeated," Roy Wilkins warned, "the assassins will have won." The mood of the Negro, he advised, is "one of slow-burning anger."

The roots of the bill's trouble are in the public's antipathy, but the proximate cause is Republican opposition. It will have rough going in the House, where the Judiciary subcommittee was meeting in drawn-out sessions last week to push through the Administration's version. But in the Senate, the situation is even worse. President Johnson has made Senator Dirksen the king of civil rights, and his advice and consent is now so important that a simple "no" is a death warrant for any new bill.

It is hard to believe that Dirksen is so inflexible as to deny the possibility of compromise. But Senate staffers think that Dirksen's commitment against fair housing is so strong that he cannot reverse himself, in this session at least: "He'll take this issue to the polls, and it's a damn good issue."

The Administration and congressional liberals are hopeful, in a small way, that some negotiating room can be found. In one small private meeting, Dirksen gave the attorney general a vague impression that perhaps all was not lost. But at a later larger meeting, Dirksen was more resistant to the possibility of compromise. So far, the Administration is adamant in its demands, which in fact are not extravagant. There may be a cave-in later in the year (the House bill will not reach the floor before the second week in August, if then). Demands for the other four sections of the bill – covering nondiscrimination on federal and state juries, protection of civil rights workers, and action against anyone who would intimidate citizens trying to integrate schools or public facilities – may overrule the Administration's desire to get a fair housing law, and the most controversial section could be dropped.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will They, Won't They?

This week hospitals across the country will (will not) be glutted with elderly people who have been saving up their ailments for Medicare. The Social Security Administration, which is in charge of the program beginning July 1, believes they won't be: "Overall, hospital utilization is not going to go up very much," says Social Security Commissioner Robert Ball. "I think five percent is an outside figure." Dr. Edward Henderson, executive director of the American Geriatrics Society, thinks Mr. Ball will be surprised: "I have no idea where they got that [five percent] figure. I would say the demand would be a great deal more than that. An educated guess would be 50 percent or more." Social Security would like to know the basis for Dr. Henderson's "educated guess." Now, we are about to find out who is right.

Social Security estimates that only 80 to 85 percent of the nation's hospital beds are occupied at any one time, 25 percent of them by persons over 65. Even if there should be an increase of 20 percent in the number of old people entering hospitals, admission rates would go up by only five percent – a manageable increase. But the statistics are misleading. Many urban and suburban hospitals are overcrowded, while some rural hospitals benefiting disproportionately from federal hospital construction funds are half empty. With hospitals "overall" filled to only 80 or 85 percent of capacity, there is still a national shortage of 100,000 nurses. Many hospitals have long waiting lists for all but emergency admissions. Some have had to convert single rooms to doubles and place beds in corridors. Ninety counties with large populations of elderly persons have been identified as Medicare trouble spots; they expect more than 90-percent occupancy on July 1. There already is a national health crisis. The question is: How much worse will Medicare make it?

"For the first time in the history of America, every senior citizen will be able to receive hospital care," President Johnson has said. But where will the doctors come from; the nurses; the assistants needed to take over some of physicians' traditional responsibilities? "We have agreed to give a banquet for 100,000 people," the president of the American Geriatrics Society told *US News & World Report*, "and we've provided food for only 1,000. That's bad planning."

Last week the House passed the Allied Health Professions Personnel Training Act, which (with the Senate's blessing) will put $155 million over three years into constructing teaching facilities, developing new courses and awarding traineeships in colleges and junior colleges. This will add perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 paramedical, lab and hospital workers each year. But they won't be there when Medicare becomes effective this week; and according to one HEW official, even such new and expanded programs "cannot be expected to meet the demand for services that will be increasingly imposed on the medical care system."

Vandalism in the Capitol

With Hubert Humphrey's proxy, House Speaker John McCormack and Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen have officially ordained that J. George Stewart's dream of glory shall be realized. The United States Capitol is to be puffed out in garish white marble, and respect for a noble structure be damned.

Stewart, 76, is the Architect of the Capitol. But he is no architect. He is a former building contractor and Republican congressman who, in 1954, was appointed by President Eisenhower to the job that elsewhere would be called Building Superintendent. His relentless ambition is to turn Capitol Hill into a pompous neo-Roman temple city. He somehow sold the late Sam Rayburn on his barbaric scheme. The ugly and inefficient new Senate Office Building and the even uglier and more inefficient Sam Rayburn House Office Building are the first huge marble blocks in the game. Now plans are being drawn up for a new Library of Congress building to be named after James Madison. Congress directed that Stewart consult a committee of the Amer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ican Institute of Architects on the Madison Library. He has ignored this directive.

Ten years ago, Stewart began tampering with the old Capitol building itself. He dug up a proposal that was made a hundred years ago and had been 10 times rejected, to extend the east front of the building by 33 feet with a new marble façade. Mr. Rayburn got the work authorized without public hearings or floor debate as a rider to the 1956 Legislative Appropriations Act, against the solid opposition of the AIA and architectural historians. The folly was justified with the claim that the old sandstone wall was crumbling, that the dome sat poorly on the building, and that more space was needed. It was completed in 1962.

Rayburn promised at the time: "We are not going to do anything with the west end." That doesn't bother McCormack, Humphrey or Dirksen. Again we are told that the old sandstone wall is crumbling, that the dome sits poorly on the structure and that more space is needed. Again the AIA, architectural historians and many others are bitterly opposed. But Stewart announced cheerfully last week that no further congressional action is required to authorize the project. All he needs is the money – $34 million.

The plan is to push out the entire west side of the building in part as much as 88 feet, increasing the side of the Capitol by about a quarter. The original historic façade, with portions designed by Dr. William Thornton in the 1790's and Charles Bullfinch in the 1820's, will be buried in four-and-one-half acres of gaudy new marble. The marvelous original central portico will be enlarged and redesigned. So will the majestic terrace with its grand stairs.

The rationalizations for this vainglorious vandalism are totally spurious. The old sandstone wall has, to be sure, been woefully neglected by this Architect of the Capitol. But he never produced any evidence that it is in danger of collapse. Even if it were, it could easily be repaired, as have the original structures of far older buildings such as Hagia Sophia and St. Paul's Cathedral. The possible need to shore up a few arches and replace a few stones is an asinine and dishonest excuse for deforming the building. So is the claim that the dome relates poorly to the present façade. On Stewart's model the Capitol would resemble a wedding cake on a large buffet table.

The argument is thus reduced to the need for space. Space for what? Two movie auditoriums, two new cafeterias, some conference rooms and 109 offices for congressmen who have ample offices in five large office buildings. If the tourists are hungry, let there be more restaurants downtown. If the congressmen want a retreat for naps, nips or bridge (30 senators have hideaway offices already) perhaps we need another Bobby Baker cozy club – near but not in the Capitol.

Running for Sheriff in Alabama

Despite Negro Opposition, A Negro Might Make It

Birmingham

I drove down from Birmingham on Memorial Day morning, reaching Tuskegee in time for the noon meeting of the Ad Hoc Committee for Justice in Macon County. This is a para-political interracial organization originally formed after the murder of student activist Sammy Younge Jr., last January. We sat around a table in the Tuskegee Institute union building. I heard that things looked bad for Lucius Amerson, the Negro candidate for sheriff in the next day's runoff election. Macon's Negroes, who form 82 percent of the county's population and outnumber whites better than two-to-one among the registered voters, were probably going to muff the opportunity to win for the Negro his first significant political victory in Alabama since Reconstruction. Old-timers in the black leadership were knifing Amerson.

Amerson, who had resigned his job as a postal clerk – "a good job for a Negro" as they say down here – to dare the thunderbolts of Governor George Wallace and the county's ruling white minority as a candidate for sheriff, had received small support from the Negro community at large, and none at all from Professor Charles Gomillion's all-Negro Macon County Democratic Club. The MCDC, as it is known locally, is the political arm of the Tuskegee Civic Association, pioneer Negro voting rights group in the Black Belt.

The MCDC rationale is that it is expedient that the Negro make haste slowly in politics, lest the white minority become alarmed and fight back with terrorism and economic reprisals. On purely prudential grounds they believed that no black man should be sheriff – not for a long while yet.

Actually Amerson was far better qualified than his white opponent. Before his appointment by Governor Wallace for services rendered to the segregationist cause, Sheriff Harvey Sadler ran a country store and was the county's distributor of Sinclair Oil products. He had no more fitness for his office than the majority of the bull-necked characters who wear the sheriff's star in the Black Belt's white-columned courthouses. Amerson, on the other hand, was a tough paratrooper who in eight years' Army service had risen to Sergeant First Class, and had been a military instructor to racially integrated commands. While in the service, he had taken courses in methods of law enforcement, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after discharge had studied criminology and social science at Tuskegee Institute.

"What Dr. Gomillion and the others are afraid of," Amerson told me, "is that young people like me will take over the leadership. They'd rather keep Mr. Charley in office than see any of us make it. A sheriff can earn $25,000 a year under the fee system which we have in Alabama. A lot of Negroes down here figure that's too much money for anyone of our race to make. They'd rather see some white man get all that loot."

That morning, the *Montgomery Advertiser* had carried an AP dispatch quoting Rev. K. L. Buford, Negro city councilman of Tuskegee and a leader of the Macon County Democratic Club, as endorsing Sadler over Amerson because "we think he's the better of the two."

Buford is the pastor of the large and handsome Butler Chapel AME Zion Church. Like the other MCDC leaders he is graying at the temples.

"My phone rings all hours of the night," Buford exploded. "Negroes calling me. They curse me or just hang up. 'We're going to blow you off that hill', they threaten. I sleep with a pistol under my pillow. Already this afternoon I've had four calls from Negroes who say they are going to kill me. All because I think Sadler is a better man than Amerson for the sheriff's job."

"Why do you think so?" I asked him.

"He has superior qualifications," Buford said.

"In what respect? He certainly hasn't had Amerson's training, either practical or theoretical."

"Formal training isn't everything. Sadler has done a good job of maintaining law and order during the two years he has been in office. I want to see good officials regardless of their color."

Sammy Younge was shot down about a block from the Macon County courthouse. Sammy, a Tuskegee Institute senior, was a civil rights militant. Buford is reported to have said at the time of the murder, "Sammy was asking for it."

"What about the charges of brutality against Sadler's two white deputies? Beating a Negro woman and all that? The NAACP Legal Redress Committee investigated the case and reported it to Sheriff Sadler but he wouldn't even reply, much less take remedial action."

"They didn't give him enough time to answer," Buford said. "Anyway the hoodlum element is back of Amerson . . . black hoodlums."

"Who are they?"

"I couldn't name names," Buford said. "But there's a lot more violence and disorder in the Negro community than there is in the white."

"Are these black hoodlums the ones who burned down the Tuskegee High School grandstand the other night because it had been integrated?"

"No," Buford said. "Those were white. But they have been shooting out street lights and pulling up traffic signs in the Negro community. . . . There will be a complete breakdown of law and order in this county if Amerson is elected."

"Why do you say that?"

"The state police and the capitol won't cooperate with him."

"You mean Governor Wallace will sabotage law and order in Macon County?"

"That's right. He will never put up with a Negro sheriff."

"What you're saying is that as long as you have a white racist state administration, you don't dare elect a Negro sheriff in Macon or any other Black Belt county? Sadler is the better man because he is white? Is that what you meant?"

"I didn't say Sadler was the better *man*. I said he was the better of the two *candidates*."

Election day was sunny and cool, ideal for voting but also for chopping cotton. At Fort Davis near the Bullock County line the polling place was in Queen Ivory's store, a tiny establishment like the other Negro country stores which dot the Black Belt. A decrepit structure of gray, never-painted boards, it looks as if it might have crouched there by the roadside since the days of Reconstruction. The voting machine in its booth inside made an anomalous contrast to the worn counters, shabby drink boxes, and cartons of crackers.

A tall Negro farmer named Ellis McBride was helping the illiterates cast their ballots. He went inside the booth with nearly everyone who came in. I asked the proprietress, Mrs. Queen Ivory, how the voting seemed to be going, but she wasn't talking to strange white men. I went outside and asked a number of people standing in line whom they were voting for in the sheriff's race. "We're votin' for the the best man," the old folks all told me with looks of secret glee which gave the show away.

While Negro voting in Macon County was far lighter than it would have been if the people had been given more vigorous and honest leadership, it was still sufficient to pull Amerson through to victory over Sadler, 3,497 to 3,113. Though there may be a white Republican candidate to oppose Amerson in November, it is doubtful that he could prevail over a united Negro electorate which already outnumbers the whites better than two-to-one, and will before long, when full registration is attained, outnumber them four-to-one. But this vote could still be split. Since the runoffs, there has been persistent talk around Tuskegee of a write-in Negro candidate to divide the black vote.

JOHN BEECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Investing in Mutual Funds

by Mordecai Rosenfeld

Last year Americans spent more than $4 1/4 billion – more than the entire foreign-aid program – for mutual fund shares. Yet most people who bought them know no more about their investment than they do about how aid money is spent in Upper Volta.

A mutual fund's only business is to invest in the stocks and bonds of *other* companies. There are now some 350 mutual funds competing for the investor's money, each with its own particular blend of several hundred different securities. All these funds have the same basic purpose: to enable small investors to diversify their holdings and to obtain professional supervision of their money. For instance, if a person has $1,000 to invest, he could afford to buy stock in only one or two of the several thousand companies whose shares are listed on the financial pages. But if he invests that $1,000 in shares of a mutual fund, his one stock certificate represents a proportionate interest in each of his mutual fund's several hundred portfolio securities. The idea has been made so attractive that there are now more than 3.5 million people who own mutual funds, with a total investment in excess of $36 billion.

In 1930, total mutual fund assets were less than $200 million; and they had just reached $1 billion in 1945. The multiplication of the industry's total assets by more than 36 times in 20 years has been gigantic, but it has raised ethical questions of equal magnitude.

Mutual funds grow in two ways. One way their assets increase is when (and if) the stocks they buy with the public's money go up in price. That aspect of their growth depends upon the vicissitudes of the stock market. Even when the prices of the stocks they owned have gone down, however, mutual fund assets have risen. This happens because mutual funds have always been able to attract vast new sums of money by their determined sales campaigns.

It is almost an axiom that mutual funds are not bought, but sold. Fund salesmen are ubiquitous – they are your accountant, real estate broker, notary public or third cousin. These salesmen, who sold over $4 billion worth of mutual fund shares in 1965 alone, collected, in the process, sales commissions that totaled approximately $200 million. The only reason these salesmen have for selling mutual funds is the fact that they earn a large commission. Typically, when a buyer purchases a mutual fund, more than eight percent of his purchase price is paid as a sales commission. This means that the instant you "invest" $100, your investment is worth $92. In order for the purchaser to recoup that $8 and at least break even, the stock market must rise by eight percent, a very substantial increase.

With commissions being such a prize, it is not surprising that the industry and its salesmen push hard to earn them. In 1963, the Securities and Exchange Commission, after an exhaustive study, reported: "Mutual fund sales organizations are constantly engaged in extensive programs of recruiting. . . . Recruits are overwhelmingly drawn from persons totally inexperienced in the securities business, often by deliberate choice. . . ."

One mutual fund distributing company recently advised its selling staff to hire persons who had experience as "cosmetic, brush, roof and siding, real estate, storm window and food freezer salesmen." The SEC, in analyzing present requirements for mutual fund salesmen, sadly concluded that "a lack of securities experience may even be preferred."

The problem of the hard sell used by mutual funds is doubly important because most mutual fund sales are made to small investors who have little sophistication about finance. A recent survey shows that 60 percent of present mutual fund shareholders have incomes of less than $10,000 per year. It is, therefore, largely the small investor who has been paying the sales fee of $8 for the privilege of investing $92.

But this $8 deficit is modest when compared to what is paid by those who are persuaded to buy mutual funds on the easy installment plan. As with all installment contracts, the sales commissions are exorbitant and the sales pressures relentless. In the mutual fund industry, the installment plan is known as the "front-end load." It exacts from the purchaser's first year's $100 investment a commission of $40. The unhappy arithmetic is this: You sign a contract which commits you to buy a fixed amount of a mutual fund each and every month for the next 10 years. If you agree to buy $100's worth a year (which would cost $1,000 over 10 years), the normal commission of eight percent would amount to $8 per year (or $80 over 10 years). But the

MORDECAI ROSENFELD *is a graduate of Yale Law School. Since 1960, he has been in private practice in New York City, spending much of his time prosecuting lawsuits on behalf of mutual fund shareholders.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mutual fund industry knows from experience that installment buyers of mutual funds, like installment buyers of furniture or vacuum cleaners, often cannot complete their contracts. There may be illness, or a new baby or a new house. But since the mutual fund encourages its salesmen to enroll long-term purchasers, it guarantees that his commission will not be lost if the buyer cannot continue to pay. So, as part of the easy-to-pay 10-year plan, the buyer "agrees" to prepay five years' worth of commissions (or $40) in the first year. And if he cannot continue his payments, his first year's investment of $100 is worth, at the end of the year, a shriveled $60.

There are, it should be noted, a few mutual funds which employ no salesmen and use no pressures to sell their shares. Called "no-load funds," they sell their shares to the public with no sales commission added. A person who buys such a mutual fund saves eight percent at the outset. Since they are not advertised, their names are not well known and they are relatively small. These funds, like the funds that charge an admission fee, vary in their aims and in their performance. But the important fact is that the no-load funds, as a group, have performed at least as well as their more flamboyant rivals. Although the no-load funds charge no sales commissions, their sponsors are in business for profit; they receive that profit by being paid for giving investment advice to their fund. But high as the eight percent and 40 percent sales fees collected by the typical mutual funds are, their managers have made most of their money from the investment advisory fees that they charge their funds and the funds' investors.

The Price of Advice

Having collected more than $36 billion from over 3.5 million people through the efforts of tens of thousands of inexperienced, moonlighting salesmen, mutual funds must invest their moneys in stocks and bonds. In order to determine what securities to buy, the typical mutual fund "hires" an outside company, called the investment adviser. The typical investment advisory company had charged the fund and its investors for its advice at the rate of one-half of one percent of the fund's assets. Thus when a mutual fund had assets of $200 million (a modest-sized fund), the investment advisory company charged it $1 million a year for investment advice. As more shares of the fund were sold, the fund grew and its advisory fee increased. When a fund was a toddler of $200 million and paid $1 million a year for investment advice, the advisory company made a good deal of money for its services. And when that fund reached $400 million, its investors were then charged $2 million a year for the very same advice. Since the adviser was already making a handsome profit on the $1 million fee, the second million was pure chocolate mousse.

The reason that the one-half of one percent fee survived so long is that to most people it sounded insignificant. But that was only because the advisory fee was stated in terms of a mutual fund's total assets. A much more meaningful yardstick would have been to measure the fee in terms of a fund's income. A one-half of one percent advisory fee amounted to between 15 and 20 percent of a fund's total income. That means that for every dollar the fund earned, it paid between 15 and 20 cents to those who decided which stocks to buy and which to sell. When the advisory fees grew to be so large, mutual fund shareholders sued to reduce them. As a result of those lawsuits, almost all of the investment advisers to the large funds were forced to adopt a sliding fee scale; that is, the advisory fee, instead of just rolling merrily along at a flat rate of one-half of one percent was reduced in stages as the fund's assets increased. Consequently, most of the advisory fees now reflect the economic fact that the adviser's work does not increase *pari passu* with the increase in a fund's size.

Before the fees were reduced, the question was asked: How good is the advice for which mutual fund investors pay millions of dollars each year? Several faculty members of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School made a study of this for the Securities and Exchange Commission, and reported in 1962 that: "The average performance by the funds did not differ appreciably from what would have been achieved by an unmanaged portfolio with the same division among asset types."

Translated, that means that an investor who was blindfolded and picked his stocks with a pin and a donkey's tail would do as well as the high-priced investment advisers. The funds' mediocre performances have been caused, in part, by their own successful sales campaigns. Some have such huge and unwieldy holdings that it takes several months for them to get out of a situation gone sour. And, too, when you've $36 billion to invest you can't limit your purchases to "good buys." Most of the money must be invested in the most common of the common stocks. There is just no reason to pay the *sommelier* several million dollars per year for *vin ordinaire*.

If outside investment advisers charged so much for advice that was so undistinguished, why were they hired by the mutual funds in the first place? Simple. The people who have run the mutual funds have also owned the "outside" investment advisory companies that service them. Those who managed the mutual funds had those funds pay out lavish investment advisory fees, therefore, because those fees were paid, in large part, to themselves. Congress, when it enacted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Investment Company Act, tried to protect mutual fund investors against the foreseeable evil of this duality. The Act requires mutual funds to have a certain number of directors who are in no way associated with the investment advisory company. These directors – called "unaffiliated" directors by the statute – have the solemn responsibility of keeping the investment advisory fee as reasonable as is possible. But this careful congressional plan has not always been successful because the "unaffiliated" directors have included few Patrick Henrys. It was the shareholders and their lawsuits, not the "unaffiliated" directors, who brought about the fee reductions.

Despite the fees and charges, most of the people who invested in mutual funds have made money. Although they might have made more had they invested on their own, most mutual fund shareholders would probably have left their money in the bank and missed entirely the benefits of the great bull market. Indeed, the bringing of the public into the stock market has probably been the industry's most significant accomplishment. But the great market rise has not only made the funds successful; it has also masked their faults because few people care to complain as long as times are prosperous and they are ahead.

It is unrealistic to expect that Congress will pass a law that limits the profits of mutual fund advisers. "How much is too much?" The answer could be and would be debated forever. Furthermore, the courts, responding to shareholders' suits, have been able to reduce management charges by approving separate formulas suited to each case. But there is at least one abuse that the SEC and Congress can eliminate – the front-end load. Although the industry has had many spokesmen over the years, not one has advanced a convincing reason for charging small investors a 40-percent commission for mutual fund shares they may never buy.

West Side Story

Home Is Where the Welfare Check Comes

by David A. Satter

This summer the action moves north; civil rights workers head for Chicago's West Side, which the *Chicago Daily News* calls "a part of Mississippi that got away." Martin Luther King is in residence and plans to stay as long as 14 months, which at one time he predicted would be long enough to end the slums.

Twenty years ago, Lawndale, East Garfield Park and the other neighborhoods that make up today's West Side Negro ghetto were inhabited by Jews. But in the 1950's, Southern Negroes, following the tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad up from Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, began to arrive, singing, "Going to Chicago, sorry but I can't take you along." The Jewish community moved to the North Side and outlying suburbs, leaving behind the synagogues, hospitals and community centers that had made the West Side the most cohesive and highly institutionalized neighborhood in the city.

By 1960, the last of the whites had left and the West Side had become one vast slum. The once-spacious, grass-covered malls on Douglas and Independence Boulevards are covered with dirt and broken glass. When the wind blows, swirls of garbage are lifted into the air. In every block there are buildings gutted by fire, vandals, or both, and deserted by landlords. Children scribble on the walls, garbage piles up in the stairwells. In hallways the stench of urine is overpowering. Children skip past dead animals decomposing in the alleys. Young men with nothing to do hang out on street corners; old men drink 50-cent wine out of paper bags.

How did the West Side get this way so fast? In a speech last January 7, Dr. King said: "The Chicago problem is simply a matter of economic exploitation. Every condition exists simply because someone profits

DAVID A. SATTER *is editor of the University of Chicago* Maroon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by its existence. This economic exploitation is crystallized in the slum. . . . Slum landlords find a most lucrative return on a minimum investment due to inefficient enforcement of city building codes, as well as overcrowding of living space and a tax structure on slum property which means that the more you let the building run down, the less you pay in taxes."

Virtually no one in King's headquarters believes that's all there is to it. Jimmy Wilson of the SCLC staff says: "We're not just out to end exploitation; we're trying to build community." Community is certainly what the West Side needs. "What we're trying to do," says the Rev. A. J. Sampson, an SCLC field worker and top staff member, "is going to benefit everybody – landlord and tenant. The system exploits the landlords too."

On the West Side, there are fairly decent buildings. But without fail, apartments in the "good" buildings I have seen rent for more than $105 a month, thus making them unavailable to people on public aid. The tenants in "good buildings" blame the destructiveness of their neighbors for slum housing; the tenants of shabby buildings (all of which have apartments renting for less than $105 a month, although some have more expensive apartments) blame the landlords.

Typical of the more affluent tenant is Isaac Randell, whom I encountered in front of Martin Luther King's Hamlin Avenue apartment. A 72-year-old veteran of the First World War, Randall was the only Negro in the neighborhood when he moved into Lawndale in 1949. "When I came here there was grass in front of every house, all up and down the street. When The Man left, this was a nice neighborhood. You got to blame us. That's where the peoples has the wrong idea. All people do is drink wine and go around fighting; you gotta teach the people. There ain't no one to blame here but us."

Thomas Cooper, who lives in a shabbier building on Jackson Boulevard has a quite different story: "Do you see this hall?" he says; "it hasn't been swept in weeks. And that yard, they just let the trash pile up." Cooper was busy retiling his bathroom when he invited me into his apartment. "I can't get no service no matter what I do. I'm gonna fix this bathroom myself and take the money out of my rent."

Daisy Jones told me that the company that managed her Kilbourne Avenue apartment was supposed to have decorated when she first moved in three years ago. "They want the rent," she said, "but don't you dare ask for something for your money."

On Springfield Avenue, stories of landlord neglect spilled out by the score. I was shown sash strippings so old it was impossible to move the windows, which were stuck at about two inches open in the dead of winter. There were holes gouged into the walls and cracking plaster that hadn't been attended to since the tenant moved in: "You know, I am actually afraid to come home at night. The hallway door doesn't have a lock and every wino on the block comes in and gets drunk in our hallway. The landlord's been promising to fix that lock since it got broke months ago." All the grievances boiled down to one: the landlord or manager wants rent, but the building could go to hell before he'd make a repair.

Landlord's Story

The landlords on the West Side have another version.

Norris Morris, as the head of Acme Realty Inc., manages many of these slum properties. The apartment of Minnie Jackson was our first stop. "She hasn't paid her rent in three months," Morris told me. She came to the door; Morris told her she'd have to move within five days and gave her a five-day-notice form which she put into a dirty cloth bag full of crumpled papers. For absolute filth I had never seen anything like that apartment. Minnie Jackson's idea of clearing the table after a meal was apparently to push everything off the table and onto the floor. I could see forms from the department of public aid, and more five-day notices. "Now I want to show you someone else," Morris said. We walked upstairs to the third floor, directly above the Jackson apartment. It was spotlessly clean. Both the apartments rent for $100.

"There's really no such thing as a slum landlord – only slum tenants," Morris said. "They have to blame somebody for what happened to the West Side so they blame the landlords."

In Lawndale, absentee landlords own or have title to almost all real estate. Many of them hire management companies to make repairs, pay bills and collect the rents. Acme Realty manages over 20 buildings on the West Side – and owns some too. "The only way I can survive," Morris says, "is by being out here in the neighborhood with a staff of people to go out to the buildings and collect. The individual landlord doesn't have a prayer in Lawndale. Sure the buildings are in disrepair. But we take a stairwell and have it cleaned out, come back two weeks later and it's filled with trash again. For the buildings I manage, I don't put any more money into them than I have to. . . . The only way I can make a profit is because I buy buildings from landlords who are desperate to get out. I agree to take over and finish paying off the mortgage and the building is mine for a song. I own enough buildings, so that I can make a living by devoting full time to running them. But it's nothing I can retire on – just a pretty reasonable living."

Actually, the management business has never been better, and no matter how much the owner loses, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manager still gets his six-percent commission. Morris runs a relatively small operation compared to one West Side manager who makes a commission on over 2,000 West Side rents every month.

It doesn't take an observer in Lawndale long to realize that some of the most passively accepted clichés about slum housing do not hold. For example, Lawndale real estate, which I strongly suspect is typical of most slum real estate, is unprofitable. How else can one explain the abandoned buildings all over Lawndale, or the fact that it is impossible to borrow money for a first mortgage on the West Side?

Every loan officer in the city knows the chances are overwhelming that landlords will not be able to meet their mortgage payments from rents on West Side real estate, and that it would be financially unsound to finance a first mortgage on property that will probably never pay for itself.

In late February, SCLC took over a slum building at 1321 S. Homan Avenue. The idea was that SCLC would collect rents and use the money for repairs and to pay the monthly mortgage note. The "supralegal trusteeship," as it was called, proved an interesting example of the economics of slum property. The building's owner, J. B. Bender, fought the takeover in court, and SCLC was eventually ordered to relinquish the building. But if SCLC hadn't, it would have had to leave before too long. It had collected only $200 in rent in three months; it spent over $2,000 on repairs.

University of California sociologist Nathan Glazer, speaking at the University of Chicago, February 25, recalled that city-appointed receivers took over the worst slum buildings in New York City, with the intention of using rent money to make repairs, then found they were unable to keep up the buildings any better than the original landlords.

Tenant destructiveness makes adequate maintenance financially unfeasible, and inadequate maintenance perpetuates the neglect that makes disrespect for property come naturally. Many of the Negroes who came to Chicago were faced with a life situation vastly more fast-moving and complex than they had been accustomed to. Many were victims of mistreatment in the rural South. Generations of brutality and having nothing breed what King calls a "slum psychology" or "slumism." And the cure is slow-working. For example, it was said that inadequate sanitation on the West Side was to be expected because city services had been abruptly cut off following the influx of poor Negroes. Perhaps they were, but today this is not the case. A call from the West Side, for instance, will assure semi-weekly garbage pickups.

"In the South," one of Mayor Daley's aides says, "King offered them love and he got back hate. Here he's offering us love and we're giving him love right back." If not love, at least not the backs of their hands.

The Daley machine has been stung by King's *Operation Chicago*. In self-defense, one of Daley's aides insists that all the anti-slum programs existed before King showed up, though he admits they have been beefed-up. The beefing-up has included a block-by-block building-inspection program, expanded health services, rodent control that goes into the homes – not just onto porches and into alleys – and new plans for urban renewal and job retraining.

Everything King wants, Daley says he will do better – and bigger.

But both Daley and King are only beginning to acknowledge some awkward facts. One is that ending the slums requires teaching poor rural Negroes how to live in a big city, and I don't mean teaching party manners on how to tip your hat. Another is that the theory and methods of public welfare in Chicago must be completely recast to deal with "the welfare poor."

Those buildings in Lawndale that are unavailable to public-aid recipients are in as good condition as they were before Lawndale became a slum. But buildings where even a fraction of the apartments are available to aid recipients are terrible. Apartment buildings that differ in rent from one another by as little as $10 a month show striking differences. The crucial factor seems to be the presence or absence of welfare recipients – people not having paying jobs, or having them.

"Welfare Poor"

Aid recipients make up between 30 and 50 percent of the tenants of buildings that rent for under $105 monthly. The story is always the same. They do not pay their rent and are destructive. According to the head of one management company, responsible for over 30 West Side buildings, aid recipients account for almost 85 percent of rent delinquencies.

For the aid recipient, rent is the least pressing responsibility. Generally speaking, one can live in a building for as long as four months on one month's rent and considerably longer on partial payments. There is no way for a landlord to recover back rent. The recipient has no wages; garnishment is impossible; trying to find Mrs. Jackson, if she doesn't want to be found, is a monumental task. Mailboxes in Lawndale may have five or ten names scrawled in crayon, one over another. Letters are delivered to an address, not to a person. Only the public-aid department caseworker knows the address of a recipient, and he won't give out such information.

The relationship between caseworkers and recipients has been tense for some time. On the Near West Side, the West Side Organization for Full Employment (WSO) was formed to help aid recipients who felt they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were being mistreated by caseworkers. Chester Robinson, the executive director of WSO, says his organization has already successfully processed 600 complaints by recipients. "Man, that caseworker comes into your house and looks at you as if you were a dog," says Robinson. "The caseworkers and welfare choke the people, they strip away initiative and self-respect." Eugene Harris, another WSO official (he drives a taxi nights and devotes his days to WSO), says that "in most instances the caseworkers have a superior, middle-class attitude toward slum-dwelling people. WSO has become a mediator. We explain to the recipient the laws that welfare operates under and that he has recourse to." According to Harris, "people on welfare are frightened, the public-aid system has eroded their respect for the law and they feel that they have to lie to their caseworker."

Cutting Down the Case Load

Any Wednesday night meeting at WSO nets a wide range of complaints. At one of these meetings, I met Bernadine Dohrn, a second-year University of Chicago law student who spent a year working as a caseworker for the Department of Public Aid. In Cook County, she explained, a caseworker who is supposed to have a case load of 150 families may be responsible for as many as 250 families. The amount of paperwork is frightening. "Ideally, a caseworker is supposed to spend three days at her desk and two days in the field, but if a caseworker is actually able to spend one day a week in the field, she's doing well."

Work in the field amounts to visiting families and confirming their eligibility for aid, as well as periodically checking on them. The periodic checking may include trying to determine if the husband has been sneaking back to his family and fathering the children for whom a mother may be asking additional new assistance. Aid to Dependent Children (ADC) can only be given to families where there is no husband.

To be a caseworker in Cook County you need a college degree, but the degrees range from business administration and hotel management to home economics and mathematics. In many instances, the security of a job in a bureaucracy attracts people who should not be trusted with the livelihoods of 200 households.

Perhaps 70 percent of Cook County's caseworkers are middle-class Negroes. Their reputation among recipients is low. "There is really no way for the Public Aid Department to gauge the performance of caseworkers," Miss Dohrn says, "so advancement is determined by how many cases a caseworker closes." In other words, the pressure on the caseworker is for him to be as punitive as possible, and to use the slightest infraction of the rules as an excuse for putting a recipient off public aid or cutting her check. Last year, Cook County director of public aid, Raymond Hilliard, announced that Chicago's relief rolls were reduced by eight percent while the relief rolls in big cities all over the country were going up by as much as 15 percent. "I can only imagine," Miss Dohrn says, "how many people were unjustly taken off of public aid."

Ending the slums will require education of the poor newcomer to the big city; it will require a restructuring of public aid; it will require a concerted effort by society to try to salvage the welfare poor who play such a large role in making the slums of the West Side. And perhaps most important, it will require a new kind of effort by the West Side Negro community.

I think that Martin Luther King's greatest contribution to Chicago will not be his Grand March scheduled for July 10, but his perception of the need for "a sense of community." There is not one now and won't be so long as the wishes of a huge poverty-stricken population have no effective representation. Because of the entrenched position of the regular Democratic organization in Chicago, the Negroes have no voice. It has taken the arrival of a charismatic leader like King to convince the city that there is political capital in not ignoring the slums.

Yet there is a danger in King's movement, too; the danger of taking the easy way of attacking the "exploiters" and doing little else. As the Reverend Sampson would put it, "The system ruins everyone." Welfare recipients and other desperately poor people have learned to trick the system that tricked them. They live outside society. They are one of the most potentially destructive forces in urban America and the salvation of Northern cities will depend on how their anger and energy is channeled.

On June 8, in a document called the "Chicago Freedom Movement Demands for Creating an Open City," King proposed a wide range of civil rights and welfare programs. They include integration at all levels of the school system by September, 1967, the creation of a municipal personal income tax, doubling the school budget, sponsoring 10 "new towns" of 100,000 people – each with a 30-percent Negro residency – and the construction of 10,000 new, low-rent public-housing units a year, scattered throughout the city.

The reaction among Chicagoans has been mixed. There is general agreement that the cost of King's complete program would be astronomical; but many, including University of Chicago professor Philip M. Hauser, think the bill must be paid. Hauser told the *Chicago Daily News* that, "if we don't do this kind of thing, Chicago will become a central city characterized by a large Negro population . . . surrounded by white suburbs living in constant fear of the Chicago Negro

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

population." Negro militants, at the same time, claim that the "open city" plan asks for nothing that the white population hasn't enjoyed for years.

Whether King's program is eventually adopted in whole or in part remains in doubt. But goals have been established, and both civil rights groups and city officials are on the move.

Eventually, perhaps, as hard-headed Chicago officials come to accept the fact that the West Side desperately needs help, and lots of it, and as mercurial civil rights leaders come to accept the fact that slums fester for more reasons than slum landlords and the regular Democratic organization, there can be some real progress. And as one forlorn West Sider put it, "If they can do something for this hole, there ain't no place in the country they can't help."

Elections in Vietnam

Prelude to an Honorable Settlement?

by Tran Van Dinh

In retrospect, we can see that it was the Honolulu conference in February, which brought together President Johnson and the leaders of the Saigon government, which indirectly provoked the agreement between the military junta and the Buddhists for an election this September of a national assembly for South Vietnam. But it also encouraged General Nguyen Van Thieu, the head of state, and General Nguyen Cao Ky, the prime minister, to consolidate their power. Assured of US support, the first logical step was for them to try to bring corps commanders under more direct control.

General Nguyen Chanh Thi, a Buddhist and potential rival of Ky, was dismissed March 10. Thi was the tough paratrooper officer who revolted unsuccessfully against President Ngo Dinh Diem in November, 1960; he had commanded the first tactical zone and the first corps, with civil and military jurisdiction over the Northern provinces and the main cities of Danang and Hue, the Buddhist strongholds. The Buddhists reacted to his dismissal with demonstrations, and extracted from the generals a promise for elections and formation of a civilian government. A subsequent statement by Ky on May 8 to the effect that he intended to remain in power set off more demonstrations; this time the Buddhists demanded Thieu's and Ky's resignations. Ky sent loyal marines to occupy Danang and Hue.

Nevertheless, all parties still agree on the need to hold elections for a national assembly by September 11. The recent threat by Thich (Venerable) Tri Quang, the militant Buddhist leader, to sabotage the elections should be interpreted as a tactical move to force the resignations of Thieu and Ky. The Ky government hopes to get an elected assembly of its choice by barring "neutralists" as well as "Communists" and by restricting the assembly's function to merely writing a constitution before adjourning. But President Johnson, in his speech on Memorial Day at Arlington Cemetery, said, "South Vietnam is moving toward a government that will increasingly reflect the true will of its people." Barring unexpected developments, I believe elections will be held sometime this year, though perhaps not in September; that the assembly that is elected will seek to end the war through negotiations; and that the Viet Cong will not refuse to negotiate.

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge said on April 1 that "the Vietnamese never had elections on a national basis and a national question and it's never happened in their whole history." He erred (see Bernard B. Fall's article in *The New Republic* of May 14, 1966), but he nonetheless reflected the thinking of people who suspect that elections will lead eventually to a negotiated

---

Tran Van Dinh *was Chargé d'Affaires and Acting Ambassador of Vietnam to the United States in 1963. After representing his country in Argentina and India, he resigned from the Vietnamese Foreign Service to live and work in Washington, D.C. as a journalist, author and lecturer. He was born in the imperial city of Hue in 1923 and fought against the Japanese and then the French, 1942-49, in the nationalist cause.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

settlement of the war. These "counterinsurgency" experts are confident the war can be won as it was in Greece, Malaya and the Philippines, where the insurgents lost support and just faded away. Ideally, "wars of national liberation" *could* be solved by social and economic reforms, by winning the hearts and minds of the people who then deny the "water" to the insurgent "fish." But in Vietnam this requires two things.

The first is localization of the war. Yugoslavia helped the Greek insurgents, but the United States Air Force did not bomb military installations, roads and bridges in Yugoslavia. The British did not bomb Thailand during the Malayan campaign, although the Malayan Communists had training and rest camps inside Thailand. British diplomacy worked out a reasonably effective agreement with Bangkok for joint control of the Thai-Malayan border. The United States did not blockade Indonesia, although arms were smuggled from that country to the insurgent Huks in the Philippines. But after February, 1965, when the US Air Force started bombing North Vietnam, the war was internationalized.

A relatively competent, honest, respected and stable leadership and a relatively coherent and efficient administrative structure in South Vietnam is the second necessary condition. These are clearly missing today, and extensive bombings in the South, the use of defoliants and chemicals, and growing direct participation in the war by American troops will not help create that structure.

A Government of the People

Those who in their hearts oppose the coming elections and those who favor them both realize that they will bring about a new political climate and a more representative government. Until now, the "Front for the Liberation of the South" (usually called the Viet Cong) has claimed to be the "only representative" of the people in South Vietnam, a claim backed by North Vietnam. As long as the Saigon government remains in the hands of the military junta, which at best represents only the interests of senior officers who fought with the French colonial forces during the 1945-1954 war of independence, the Viet Cong's claim sounds valid to many Vietnamese. With the election of a national assembly which in turn chooses a civilian government, the Viet Cong's claim would be much weaker. By the same token, the United States would gain considerable moral and political ground, for it has been accused rightly or wrongly of having since 1963 helped "a military clique," instead of the Vietnamese people, who have had no way of expressing their acceptance or rejection of that help.

Only an unwarranted optimist could expect the coming elections to be totally free and to reflect faithfully the will of the people who are under the nominal control of Saigon. At the same time it is not unreasonable to assume that in an elected assembly the Buddhist group, alone or in coalition with others, will have a decisive voice. The Buddhist leadership believes that Buddhism is the only force outside the Viet Cong which has grass-roots appeal and which has sizable international support. The Reverend Tam Chau, chairman of the Institute for Secular Affairs, recently attended the World Buddhist meeting in Ceylon to develop and strengthen outside contacts, especially among neighboring Buddhist nations. The Buddhist leadership feels it can successfully compete with the Viet Cong on both national and international levels.

What are the basic aims of the Buddhists? They are: defense of Buddhism, anti-Communism, independence, peace and social revolution through the revival of authentic Vietnamese values and the reestablishment of national dignity. These aims are shared by the vast majority of the Vietnamese, especially those in the countryside who in the past 25 years have been caught tragically in the midst of cruel wars and betrayed revolutions. (There are Buddhist leaders, I should note, who are very dubious about anti-Communism. Thich Nhat Hanh, director of the School of Social Studies at the Van Hanh Buddhist University in Saigon, said on June 4 in Washington: ". . . I am afraid of identifying myself with the dollar-making people; anti-Communism has become a real business in the last 10 years in South Vietnam." Thich Nhat Hanh is touring the United States to plead for an end to the war.)

Buddhist leaders feel that American soldiers have brought with them a "materialistic culture," and that American dollars are corrupting Vietnamese society and Vietnamese culture based on Buddhist values of purity and austerity. Hundreds of bars in Saigon and other Vietnamese cities and a growing army of Vietnamese prostitutes are constant reminders of the threat to national dignity. Many Buddhists look back nostalgically to one of the most stable and most prosperous dynasties in Vietnamese history: the Ly dynasty (1010-1225). During this period, Buddhism became the state religion and the monks contributed greatly not only to the religious life of the nation but its cultural and literary life as well.

The Buddhist leaders believe that only through a social revolution based on Buddhist values can the Vietnamese people recover their lost national dignity and lost cultural values, without which it is not possible either to compete with the Viet Cong or build a decent Vietnamese nation. Without political independence and national dignity this war is meaningless and the anti-Communist issue becomes secondary.

But the present military leaders, who were humiliated during the Ngo Dinh Diem regime and who have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tasted power and its material advantages, are trying to cling to power as long as possible.

Some believe the United States will never withdraw its forces from South Vietnam short of a total military victory, which, now that the war has been carried beyond the 17th parallel, can be achieved only by the defeat of the Viet Cong army in the South and the defeat of the North Vietnamese armed forces in the North. But, in my opinion, by that time the Chinese would have entered the war; there would be armed confrontation between the United States and China and with it the complete annihilation of the Vietnamese in both South and North. Already, with the kind of military strategy being pursued in the South, total military victory in the South means the South's destruction.

Negotiation Step by Step

I believe President Johnson and his Administration sincerely seek an honorable settlement of the war, one by which the United States will not be defeated either militarily or in its basic political aims. With the huge and efficient American military commitment in South Vietnam, the war has been "unlosable," militarily, since 1965. The leaders in Hanoi know that. In his interview with a British journalist, James Cameron, the prime minister of North Vietnam, Pham Van Dong, was quoted as saying, "We're not trying to vanquish the United States. There seems to be some preposterous belief in America that we are threatening them – a poverty-stricken little country like Vietnam threatening the most powerful nation on earth! We are trying to get rid of them. They're on our soil and we don't want them there. Let them go away and the war is over." In other words, Hanoi is not expecting a second Dien Bien Phu, in the military sense. The only Dien Bien Phu which seems possible in the long run would be a political and economic one. And this may happen, given a prolonged war conducted in its present conventional way, and growing dissatisfaction among the Vietnamese masses. The United States, with its unlimited resources in money and men, perhaps could prevent it, but the logical result would be lengthy occupation by the US Army of South Vietnam. No Vietnamese and few Americans want that.

Hanoi's prime minister must be thinking of "getting rid of" the Americans by a political settlement, by negotiations. But who is to negotiate with whom? President Johnson's peace drive last Christmas was received coolly by Hanoi and the Viet Cong. On one hand, the US will find it difficult if not impossible to enter into direct negotiations with the Viet Cong or with Hanoi, as that will surely meet with strong opposition from the Saigon government, either the present one or even a future civilian government. On the other hand, the Viet Cong and Hanoi could not possibly deal with the present military junta, which they say represents "no one." The only answer would be to create conditions under which the Vietnamese can negotiate among themselves, conditions under which an elected government in Saigon can enter into gradual contact with the Viet Cong. That is why only elections can pave the way for a negotiated peace.

Such negotiations, when they take place, will require a great deal of skill on both sides. When they do begin, the following steps can be predicted:

1. Taking advantage of the new political climate created by an elected national assembly which "recommends that the government look into the problems of war and peace and the American military commitment," the civilian government could challenge the Viet Cong to prove their repeated desire for peace. A localized cease-fire and the exchange of prisoners of war could then be discussed by the military commander in one "tactical zone" with the commander on the opposite side. (It is significant that during the attacks on Danang by General Ky's marines, the Viet Cong proposed that the dissident anti-government forces join with them, keeping intact their units and their command.)

2. Based on the results in one "tactical zone," the same pattern could be adopted more easily and rapidly in other zones until a general cease-fire has been realized in all South Vietnam.

3. During the final phase of negotiations for a general cease-fire and an exchange of prisoners, the delegates of the Saigon government and of the Viet Cong would meet for preliminary talks in a neutral capital, say Rangoon. If they wished, both Hanoi and Washington could send observers to the meeting, but it would be wise for Washington not to insist on it. The capital of neutral Burma served in 1958-59 as the site for a conference between Thai and North Vietnam delegates to try to work out repatriation of Vietnamese refugees in the northeast of Thailand (repatriation was halted by the US bombing of North Vietnam).

4. These preliminary talks would provide both sides with an opportunity to discuss the procedure for reconvening the Geneva Conference, the co-chairmen of which are the United Kingdom and Russia. There have been repeated promises by all parties concerned to accept such a conference. The United States role in a future Geneva Conference should be more decisive than it was in 1954. Also, in order to respect the political realities of the 1960's, it would be advisable to enlarge membership of the Conference to include, besides the original nations (United Kingdom, USSR, France, People's Republic of China, Laos, Cambodia, the United States, South Vietnam, North Vietnam), the Viet Cong, Thailand, South Korea, Aus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tralia, New Zealand and the Philippines, since all of them have been direct participants in the Vietnamese conflict. It is expected that the other side will insist on more representation friendly to them, so as to balance the composition of the conference. This should not be insurmountable.

5. Among the main problems a new Geneva Conference would discuss, the thorniest would be:

► formalization of the terms of the cease-fire and the exchange of prisoners;

► control and supervision of the armistice agreements by an international body;

► supervision by an international body of elections, first for the unified government of South Vietnam, later for reunification of Vietnam.

Enlarged Geneva Conference

The 1954 Geneva Agreements set up an International Control Commission – India (chairman), Canada and Poland – to supervise implementation of the armistice agreements and supervise elections for the unification of Vietnam. But within a few months it became clear that the Commission lacked "teeth." It had little logistical support; it was denied cooperation or even moral backing by both South and North Vietnam; and in later years, with the decline of the role of India in world affairs, it lost much of its initial prestige. It is remarkable, however, that even today, though the ICC has become totally ineffective as a result of the enlargement of the war, North Vietnamese authorities continue to protest to the Commission about "violations by the United States of the Geneva Agreements." This indicates that North Vietnam wishes to keep the machinery of the ICC in being, for future use. The new ICC should be enlarged to comprise – besides India, Canada and Poland – the United States, Russia, the People's Republic of China, Australia, one Asian neutral country (Burma), one Asian anti-Communist country (Thailand) and one Eastern European country (Rumania). The United States could volunteer to put at the disposal of the Commission the facilities at such bases as Cam Ranh, Danang, Vung Tau, Tan Son Nhut. These bases would also serve as centers for regrouping, protection and evacuation to countries of their choosing of persons who for personal reasons or political conviction refuse to accept the terms of the armistice agreements. The chairmanship of the Commission should be rotated every six months, in the alphabetical order of countries represented.

6. Regarding eventual withdrawal of American land forces, the pattern adopted in an agreement signed by President Ho Chi Minh and M. Sainteny – the representative of France – in Hanoi on March 6, 1946, may be helpful. According to that agreement, "each year a fifth of the French troops will be relieved by the Vietnamese army; this relief will thus be effectively completed after five years." This should be supervised by the ICC. If and when elections for the reunification of Vietnam take place (three or five years after the conclusion of the armistice agreements) no foreign troops from any country must remain in Vietnam. This condition must be attached to a solemn pledge, made by the Vietnamese authorities at the time, not to enter into any military alliance and not to allow any military foreign base on Vietnamese soil. The role of the new and enlarged ICC, so far as Laos and Cambodia are concerned, would remain unchanged.

North Vietnam was very bitter when elections for reunification, stipulated in the 1954 Geneva Agreements, did not materialize in 1956. It is useless to blame one side or the other, but it must be expected that North Vietnam will insist on firmer guarantees than those provided in the 1954 Agreements. These guarantees can be provided by the United Nations, which should ratify the results of the new Geneva Conference. The UN should also send observers to be attached to the International Control Commission, selected from member nations not represented in the ICC. The UN presence in Vietnam would last as long as Vietnam wished, even after the election for reunification and after the ICC had fulfilled its mission. Pending reunification of the country, at which time Vietnam would be admitted as a full-fledged member of the world organization, both North and South Vietnam would maintain observers at UN headquarters.

It is evident that the road to an honorable settlement in Vietnam requires a great deal of patience from the travelers. But an attempt must be made, and the first step is elections in South Vietnam. This in turn calls for an unequivocal reaffirmation by the United States that it will abide by the results and the effects of this year's elections in the South. If one trusts frequent statements by the President and his Secretaries of State and Defense, such a reaffirmation presents no difficulties. The US should use its diplomatic influence to convince the government in Saigon to act in a like manner and with the same good faith.

In the long run, the United States will have achieved its basic aims in Vietnam – normalization and a nonaligned Vietnam. Historical and geopolitical realities, as well as immediate interests, dictate that no government in a reunified Vietnam could afford to be a satellite of China and still remain in control; likewise no Vietnamese government could afford to be totally dependent on the United States and still enjoy the support of the people. Thus, eventually, Vietnam can contribute to the American policy of "containment without isolation of China," preparing the way for normalization of relations between the US and China.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edmund Wilson, Then and Now

by Richard Gilman

"I have ceased to try to see at firsthand what is happening in the United States," Edmund Wilson wrote eleven years ago in *A Piece of My Mind*, going on to say that "I make no attempt to keep up with the younger American writers. . . . I only hope to have the time to get through some of the classics I have never read. Old fogyism is comfortably closing in." In the years since,

The Bit Between My Teeth
by Edmund Wilson
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.50)

while his productivity has remained amazingly high and at least one book – *Patriotic Gore* – is a testament to sustained powers of scholarship and intellectual conviction, Wilson has become increasingly detached from the central life of culture in this country, a life he once helped shape and color. And yet it does not seem to me to be the comfortable detachment of old fogyism – nothing so placid, unremarkable and unembattled as that.

There was something disingenuous about the remarks I have quoted, which were delivered, we have to remember, when Wilson was only sixty, and with such avuncular intimacy, from such orotund self-sufficiency. I remember thinking at the time that he was counting on me, his average reader for whom he knew he had long been an institution, a kind of one-man faculty, to demur: "Oh no, *you* could never be an old fogey, not with all that energy, that learning, those fantastically wide interests!" And yet, from another point of view it seemed to me that he was trying to dignify some condition of peevish repudiation, to make turning one's back on the arena appear, in his person, a mellower, more graceful act than it can ever really be.

A number of writers have remarked on how Wilson is not temperamentally a man of our time, and he has confirmed it; and it has been said that after a crisis in his personal life and his beliefs he retreated into a private world, into literature cut off from political actuality and observation cut off from the crucial scene to be observed. The notion that he is a great literary critic (as well as a social critic) who has substituted literature for life is widespread, and is, I believe, thoroughly mistaken; he is, on the contrary, a critic who for a very long time has not really criticized, a man who has substituted the superficies of literature for *its* real life and held that at bay.

These things are what *The Bit Between My Teeth* reestablishes throughout its nearly seven hundred pages. Similar in size and format to his collections of writings of the twenties, thirties and forties, *Classics and Commercials* and *The Shores of Light*, it is subtitled, like them, "A Literary Chronicle," in this case of 1950-1965. Yet nothing could be more misleading; sometimes charming (although also frequently petulant), often instructive, maintaining the clarity of discourse and quiet elegance of style to which we have long been accustomed, it is nevertheless scarcely about literature at all, except in that "bookman's" sense, that sense of peripheral issues and secondary inquiries of quirkish causes, of ax-grinding and wine-tasting, which rises whenever the "human" situation of literature, its circumstances and accidents, become surrogates for its essence.

Of the 44 essays in the book, the great majority of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, only five deal with novelists of the period the book covers – Kingsley Amis, Angus Wilson, Dawn Powell and Boris Pasternak – and two with poets – Eliot and Auden. There are also essays, mostly amiable, uncompelling, light, on Shaw, Mencken, Max Beerbohm and George Ade. There are longish pieces on Swinburne and James Branch Cabell which strike me as unavailing attempts to resurrect buried reputations, a lengthy, mostly biographical study of the Marquis de Sade, reviews (the best pieces in the book) of Theodore Roosevelt's letters and the Holmes-Laski correspondence, reviews of books on bees and on mushrooms, one or two of political history, two long "interviews" in which Wilson gives his opinions on a variety of matters. Finally, nearly 100 pages, or a seventh of the book, are given over to his cranky and tiresome thoughts on usage, on dictionaries and grammars and on what he calls his "greed for words."

It is in the ostensible critical pieces that one sees Wilson's decline from originality and forcefulness in its most exposed condition. His enthusiasm for *Doctor Zhivago*, about which he writes at great length, outstrips that of any other critic who has written on the book, yet he is unable, for all the apparatus of scholarship he brings to bear, to persuade us that Pasternak's novel is "one of the great events in man's literary and moral history." And this is partly because the scholarship itself – the protracted etymological inquiries, the hot quest for symbols, the quibbles over details – has the effect of returning us to an atmosphere of outdated modes of criticism. "Does Larisa personify the Revolution?" he asks. "This can hardly be possible, for in that case she would have. . . ." It is the kind of thing one got from one's college instructor about *Moby Dick*.

Beyond that, one feels that Wilson's inordinate admiration for the novel is much more moral than literary, that it derives more from Wilson's feelings about what literature should be or do than from any acute sensibility addressing itself to what is. He fails to see that, for all its nobility of spirit, *Doctor Zhivago* suffers from a radical awkwardness, an amateurishness stemming no doubt from the absence of recent precedents due to the long interment of consciousness about fiction in Soviet Russia, so that Pasternak had to return

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shakily to 19th-Century models. That Wilson should not for the past twenty and more years have written about any of the period's significant writers except Pasternak – not about Camus, Beckett, Genet, Nabokov, Moravia, Grass, the French anovelists, Duerenmatt, the late Faulkner, the late Hesse, Bellow, I. B. Singer – the list is as wide as you care to make it – expresses the fact, I think, that *Doctor Zhivago* alone rewoke in him his early lofty hope of literature as humanizing force, as agency of social resurrection.

The essays on Swinburne and Cabell are in a different category. Here Wilson's historical sense is at least adequate to his task, which is to return to those writers armed with new information, in order to try to stimulate renewed appreciation. Yet he doesn't convince me that the two writers (he is talking about Swinburne's novels) have anything more than historical interest, and in fact it seems clear that Wilson has little more than a biographical or historical interest in them.

There is very little criticism and what there is is daunted, thin and apologetic. When he warns "the prospective reader of a generation which does not know Cabell that his art is a little encumbered by ornamentations in an antique mode, which do not always make for lightness," the understatement records a refusal to face the main reason for Cabell's present obscurity. And, in another region of judgment, when he says that "it is hard to be sympathetic to Swinburne's masochism" and that he finds "disagreeable" an "element of sadism in Cabell's work," what I can only call the primness of his imagination, which is displayed negatively by his avoidance of the really disturbing and aberrant writers of our own time, makes itself unpleasantly felt.

What is still more unpleasant, and saddening, is to see Wilson in full prickly resistance to almost everything that has been happening. The two interviews range over a host of political and cultural matters, and the portrait that they fashion is of a querulous property-owner, a Tory for whom the present age is a scene of inexplicable barbarism and painful innovation. He speaks of the Cold War as "just an animal rivalry – a couple of gorillas beating their breasts." (His pleasure in comparing human life to animal or insect existence is a marked, if seldom reported strain of his recent sensibility.)

He detests Picasso and says "in regard to the abstract painters" that "I have only a coarse jest: they might be useful as designers of linoleum if they were capable of the necessary discipline." And he dismisses recent American literature with the statement that the only fiction writers he admires are Salinger, Baldwin and Edwin O'Connor, and the only poet he cares much about is Robert Lowell, whose chief accomplishment, it appears, is that "he has made poetry out of modern Boston."

Because the book contains so little literary criticism, and because, as I have said, an air of musty irrelevance and antiquarian obsession rises so strongly from its pages, it seemed to me important to try to determine whether or not Wilson should still be called a critic; how long ago, if he could not, he

A *Dream of Lakes*

Somewhere in the quiet lakes
Of Michigan fish jump every minute.
I dream of a winding shallow

Where I set up camp on the shore
And the fish jump three and four
At a time. I never catch one.

But I feel the life in that stream
Splashing about my ears,
Gill-blues and sunfish-yellows

Kicking the air like horses
Kick up dust on a track,
So many, unhungry and playful,

They bump my bait with their sides,
Their eel-slippery tails crossing
And catching my line, not to tease me,

Perhaps, but simply to let me
Know they know I am here,
Can even pretend to approve

The business of hooks and weights
In a world that lets them in on it
And makes them be cautious on purpose

With a care bred of many years' slaughter,
Call it a fish-racial mourning
Of war-dead, and a birth of a fish

Sixth-sense, not to say a forgiveness
Of the enemy, me, in love
With the sound of my spinning reel

As it feeds out the end of a cast
Or hums with a slower winding
And clicks the ratchet as I reel in

A disappointing weed
Or the loose end torn from the snag
Which I mutter is fish-sabotage. . . .

Often as I troll rough waters
At sea, and haul in five pounds
Every minute on my shark-tested tackle

I feel like a man in a brothel
Who gave over a delicate catch
Or the intricate mysteries of search,

Illusion, depth, expectation
Unanswered for the safe return.
I reach back for the less-assured,

The long-sought (out-of-reach, out-of-bounds),
A speckled illusion in shallows,
The splash of many tails at the surface.

LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had ceased being one; and what kind he had been when there could not have been a question about it. So I set out to read, or for the most part reread nearly everything he has written – an act performed, I should like to say, under his influence: his practice of phenomenally thorough grounding in the work of even the minor writers he was called upon to judge was one of the keystones of the arch he built between criticism and reviewing.

So I tracked him through the years – the literary essays and the literary journalism, the poetry and plays and fiction, the reporting, the autobiographical writings, the forays into history or archeology or anthropology, the apostrophes to peoples and cultures outside the main swing of our concern. And what I became aware of was something different from an aging captain's graceful retirement from the bridge, the mind following the body into retreat, the ceding of immediacy. That, after all, has happened to even the most forceful and revolutionary of men, and may be the exit of a happy warrior, who will move on now to consolidation and the organization of memory.

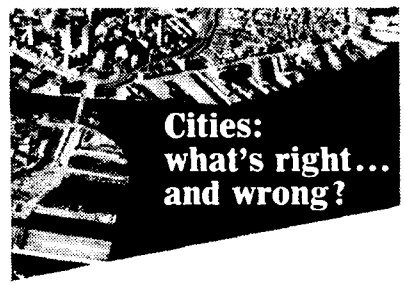
What I saw was a steady decline from centrality, a long arc of descent into something – when it comes to literature – narrow and isolated on one side and crabbed and almost spiteful on the other. It seemed to me that as a literary critic involved with the truest tides and artifacts, the *sturm und drang* of creation, or with the literary past in its permanent achievements, he has undergone not an inevitable process of enervation, but the cumulative destructive action of certain tendencies that were present in his mind and imagination from the beginning, present as the underside of his civilized and humane approach to literature.

The literary situation he entered when he "set himself up in business as a critic" after World War I, was fully open to the kind of observer – eager, erudite, with piety for the cultural past but also with an appetite for the new – that he felt himself to be. The major period of American criticism was not to begin for another ten years or so, though Kenneth Burke, Allan Tate and Yvor Winters had begun, like Wilson, to write in the twenties. When it came, it would reveal Wilson as less a highly original and powerful critic than a brilliantly eclectic literary *aficionado*, a grammarian, a humanist in the untechnical sense and a champion of classical and somewhat inelastic values. Burke's *Counter-Statement* was to be published in 1931, the same year as *Axel's Castle*, Wilson's closest approach to the much more rigorous and original books of theory and perception which Burke, Tate, Winters, John Crowe Ransom and R. P. Blackmur were to issue in the years that followed.

But meanwhile, Wilson, with more liveliness and wit and much more continuity than anybody else, was commenting on the new writers of the twenties: Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Lewis, Anderson, Dos Passos, Wilder. In most cases they were contemporaries with whom he felt allied in an undertaking of light-bringing, but to whom (one gets the impression) he also felt slightly superior, his taste having suffered no corruption by being embodied in vulnerable objects – stories, novels, poems. He was to write these later of course, an instance not of a critic exemplifying his theories but of something more interesting: he wished, it seems to me, to do imaginative work so as to fulfill his vision of the life of letters.

If he was not, like Apollinaire for the Cubists, fully the herald, advocate and exegete, or like Pound for the new poetry, the stern policeman and lawgiver, he was something at least of all these things. He could write (the first to perceive it) of Hemingway's revolution in prose, so inimical to minds which require moral truths to bear their own identifications, that "he is remarkably successful in suggesting moral values by a series of simple [physical] statements," or of Fitzgerald, in the interests of rescuing him from the merely literary, that "it is one of the chief weaknesses of *This Side of Paradise* that it is not really about anything: its intellectual and moral content amounts to little more than a gesture of indefinite revolt."

He had what was nonexistent in the kind of intellectual journalism he had set out to write: a wide acquaintance with European literature and with recent developments in psychology, philosophy and sociology. He was of course incredibly widely read in a



BOSTON
The Job Ahead
Martin Meyerson and Edward C. Banfield
Disagreeing with the view that the American city is in a state of crisis, the authors of this lively book consider what is good about one great city, Boston, and how, with all its imperfections, it can be improved. Their findings are highly relevant to any large American city – from Seattle to Miami. *Illus.* $3.95

THE MYTH AND REALITY OF OUR URBAN PROBLEMS
Raymond Vernon
A prominent economist and urban expert asks why, despite the number of eloquent protests by intellectuals against the "evils" of city housing, transportation, and politics, so little action is taken. He shows the causes of public lethargy to be the discrepancy between what the well-to-do and the city planners see and the general feeling of the majority of city dwellers that their lives are getting better. *Illus.* $2.95

DILEMMAS OF URBAN AMERICA
Robert C. Weaver
The new Secretary of Housing and Urban Development squarely faces up to the difficulties of urban renewal, the new trends in suburbia, the problems of racial policy, and the roles of government versus those of private enterprise. *2nd printing.* $3.50

CITY POLITICS
Edward C. Banfield and James Q. Wilson
How do our political institutions resolve, or fail to resolve, the issues arising from the differences of opinion and interest within our cities? The authors examine the nature of city politics, its structure, form and styles, the political roles of groups and classes, and why "good government" is not necessarily solving our cities' problems. "Indispensable . . ."—*N. Y. Review of Books. 3rd printing.* $6.95

At all bookstores

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street
Cambridge, Mass.
02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole range of popular as well as serious writing. In a four-page review in 1924 of a book of Ring Lardner's (about whom he was wonderfully perceptive) there are pertinent references to H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Sherwood Anderson, O'Henry, Mark Twain, Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Stephen Leacock and Irvin S. Cobb. He had what is rare for a critic at any time, a style which sought its justification by the standards one would use for the best writing of any kind: "The work of Amy Lowell is like a great empty cloisonné jar," was the sort of impressionistic but wholly convincing thing one was likely to get in his writings of the twenties.

Above all, he was spectacularly a timer of all the races, a referee of all the controversies. Through the twenties and into the thirties, when his interests (and morale) began to change, he let almost nothing near at hand get by and reached out for whatever in literature seemed to him striking, new and valuable. (He did this from the beginning with a proprietary stake in the discovery, a characteristic apparent modesty masking a very avid hunger for eminence as a literary Henry Stanley: "Nobody on our side of the Atlantic has yet written anything, so far as I know, about André Malraux." "*The Tropic of Cancer*, by Henry Miller, was published in Paris four years ago, but nobody, so far as I know, has ever reviewed it in the United States.")

He had written that "the task of the intellectual is not merely to study the common life but to make his thoughts and symbols *seem* relevant to it," by which he meant nothing invidious, no advice on how to create the appearance of seriousness, but on how to communicate seriousness to one's readers. It was an implicit condemnation of the highbrow, and he would continue to make it long past the point where his own work had slipped mostly out of true seriousness and into a special kind of genteel, easy-going academicism, the academicism of the sage in his book-lined country den. But he built his reputation on the work he did to bring literature into relation with contemporary life, to give it the kind of resonant appeal, anti-romantic but possessing its own species of drama, which its connections with psychology, history and social reality would, he felt, naturally provide.

Though it is common knowledge, Wilson informs us again in his new book who his chief mentor was. At the age of fifteen he came upon a translation of Taine's *History of English Literature* in his father's library. "Taine had created the creators themselves as characters in a larger drama of cultural and social history, and writing about literature, for me, has always meant narrative and drama as well as the discussion of comparative values. I had also an interest in the biographies of writers which soon took the bit in its teeth."

The influence of Taine, the example of a large civilized *handling* of literature as one element in a larger social drama, was to assert itself mainly in two currents of Wilson's criticism: the undoctrinaire, tentative and in some cases self-reproving Marxist inquiries of the thirties, and the equally undoctrinaire but more forceful and original speculations of a psychoanalytic, more properly Adlerian, kind, which were to find their most prominent expressions in his theory of artistic creation as psychic compensation, the theory of *The Wound and The Bow*.

But just before Wilson entered these phases, he composed the one book in his entire output which, in my judgment, comes near to being an original contribution to aesthetic understanding, which consistently advances a point of view, which at least partially submits history, psychology and economics to something approaching a metaphysics – without which it seems to me no criticism has any permanence. Here he makes the fullest effort to submit taste – the bulwark of minor criticism as it is the chief enemy of anything larger – to a deeper sense of what is possible to the imagination and what is needed.

Axel's Castle is a book which splendidly exhibits Wilson's great virtues as a collator, an expositor, a channel for literary intelligence and, in the best sense, a popularizer. Yet none of these qualities would have mattered much then, as they do not much matter now in his work, if he had not set himself a subject of high, complex importance. The book is a thorough, lucid, strongly documented account of the movement in European literature which Wilson called "symbolism," a term to catch and fix what had been happening to traditional notions of fiction and poetry, an event which had occurred outside the awareness of a great many literate Americans. "A revolution in the imagery of poetry is in reality a revolution in metaphysics," Wilson cogently argued, and he proceeded to try to trace the main results of that revolution in the work of Yeats, Eliot, Valéry, Proust, Joyce and Gertrude Stein. Moving between close readings of texts and broader inquiries into social backgrounds, between assessments of the works and of their authors' natures, he made what was until then by far the strongest public case for the great contemporaries and what remains today as ample and useful an introduction as can be found.

With clarity and assurance, backed by a wide familiarity with his materials and the historical milieux out of which they had risen, Wilson legitimized for his readers the aesthetic upheaval which had overthrown conventions of narrative and character in fiction and of music and imagery in poetry, which had overthrown, actually, the bases on which fiction and poetry had been assumed to rest. When he says that "Yeats' fairyland has become a symbol for the imagination itself," or that "the real subject of Valéry's poems [is] the conflict implied between the absolute laws of the mind and the limiting contingencies of life," he is making a crystallizing recognition of the fact that literature has become, like painting and music before it, chiefly its own instigation and subject, that the aesthetic which had only illusorily been anything but itself before, has, as the major impulse of 20th-Century writing, sloughed off its utilitarian and mechanical resemblances to and depend-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 9 *July 23*
August 6 *August 20*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence on the "real" world.

This is the great fact that "symbolism" describes: literature has become its own reality. It is neither heightened psychology nor dramatized sociology nor any kind of incremental knowledge; it is not knowledge but creation, and you need for its apprehension not an epistemology but an ontology. *Axel's Castle*, in its wide sympathies, its accurate intuitions and generous willingness to see the changes, was a leap beyond the kind of criticism which resists the new because it lacks the sanctifications, the received values by which it may be judged.

And yet it was a leap with a long backward and nostalgic glance accompanying it. For all Wilson's enormously intelligent insight into the writers he was discussing and for all his conscious intention to put his critical and expository powers in the service of a validation of their seizure and transformation of the contemporary imagination – "Joyce," he writes, "is indeed really the great poet of a new phase of human consciousness" – one feels in *Axel's Castle* a peculiar reluctance to see all the way, to accept, for example, that the novel is never again to be Balzacian or poetry Keatsian. One also feels a nagging suspicion that this new literature may not be all for mankind's good. It is not the skepticism of the rigorous critic, prepared to challenge the new if it is simply that, but rather, it seems to me, the doubtfulness and defensiveness of a man committed by temperament and background to what is fundamentally a different view of literature's purposes and possibilities than is represented by the writers his intelligence tells him to admire.

To call *Remembrance of Things Past*, after acknowledging its greatness, "one of the gloomiest books ever written," is to make the classic split between style or form and content; what else could possibly depress us in Proust other than his "events," his subject matter, since his form, as Wilson has elucidated it, is marvelously bold and revelatory?

To say that "I am made a little tired at hearing Eliot, only in his early forties, present himself as an 'aged eagle' who asks why he should make the effort to stretch his wings," is to mistake the poet for the poetry, to assume that poetry is a reflection of what we feel in life instead of a new use made of that.

To write that "one feels, in Joyce's case as in Proust's, that the *longueurs* which break our backs, the mechanical combinations of elements which fail to coalesce, are partly a result of the efforts of a supernaturally energetic mind to compensate by piling things up for an inability to make them move" is to mistake Joyce's and Proust's intention, which was precisely not to make things move, that is to say not to construct a narrative, smooth-flowing, seemingly inevitable, retracing an arc from life, such as traditional notions of the novel continue to hold out as model.

Finally, to describe Proust as "the great example . . . of the pure intellect playing luminously all about but not driven by the motor power of any hope and not directed by any creative imagination for the possibilities of human life" is to reveal the predispositions of a mind which for all its receptivity and keenness wants from literature what these writers do not give: optimism, order, verisimilitude, the simulacra of on-going, hopeful, progressive, humane public life, dignified as art, the encouraging artifacts of the imagination conceived of as mankind's trail-blazer and city-planner.

Wilson's bias towards a humane, socially apprehensible and positive art, towards an art that can be brought into energizing coherence with manners and mores and above all with political reality, and his corresponding bias against an art of interiority and transcendence, shows itself again and again in *Axel's Castle* but nowhere more explicitly than in his contrast of Anatole France and Valéry: "It may be said that the strength of Anatole France's generation was the strength to be derived from a wide knowledge of human affairs, a sympathetic interest in human beings, direct contact with public opinion and participation in public life through literature. The strength of solitary labor and earnest introspection is the strength of Valéry's." Coolly balanced as the sentences may seem, there is no doubt where Wilson's preference lies. And it is all his robust intelligence and sensitivity can do to get him past the pull towards the kind of literature Anatole France represents and back to the business of explicating the far

"What prompted the papal silence which has cast such a shadow across the memory of Pius XII?

"The author of this valuable book . . . shows that the Vatican was clearly informed from the very beginning . . . about the barbarous German murder of the Jews . . . and that the Pope made a deliberate decision against speaking out on this unparalleled atrocity . . . Friedländer's outlook is far removed from the militant anti-clericalism which has marred so much non-Catholic work dealing with Pius XII . . . Extremely interesting."
— KLAUS EPSTEIN, *Boston Pilot*

"Astonishing documentation."
— *Look*

"Exciting reading about tragic events and dilemmas at the zero hour of European history."
— HANS KOHN,
University of Pennsylvania

PIUS XII AND THE THIRD REICH

A Documentation by SAUL FRIEDLÄNDER

Includes recently uncovered secret telegrams between the Vatican and the Wilhelmstrasse, British and American diplomatic papers, public and private statements by Pius XII, by two of his successors, by the Chief Rabbi of Palestine, and by Hitler, Colonel Gerstein, Myron Taylor, and many others closely involved. Translated from the French and German by Charles Fullman.

$5.95 • now at better bookstores

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater accomplishments of Valéry, Joyce and the others.

Now there is nothing opprobrious in preferring the values of Anatole France's generation, its vision of the writer, to that of Valéry's, just as there is nothing reprehensible in preferring socially oriented literature, or, more subtly in Wilson's case, a literature that flows into social existence and becomes a source of humanist hope and morale, to literature that is fundamentally at cross-purposes with humanist expectations. There have been strong cases made against the great contemporaries, and they may indeed be considered to have performed, by the dazzling prestidigitation of their art, something that looks very like the undermining of men's confidences in their possibilities. And finally there isn't the slightest thing wrong in a critic's choosing as his task the elucidation of works outside the shrines of the day, choosing to run counter to what he considers dangerous fashion (Winters and Leavis are two examples) or chosing to ignore contemporary writing altogether for the sake of some more detached structure of thought about literature as a perennial enterprise.

My point is that, for Wilson, none of these choices was ever made; what happened was that slowly and perhaps unconsciously, under the pressure of the desperate political and social reality of the time but also under pressure from his own predilections and internal necessities, he abandoned a full inhabitation of literature and moved to its outskirts, circling around it, so to speak, in order to retain connection but unable to address himself to its central issues and manifestations. It was as though the course of contemporary writing was inimical, at some deep level of his consciousness, to what he desired from existence and to the way he wished to employ his skills and powers. The most obvious demonstration of this was his plunge, in the thirties, into intellectual history, most particularly the history of radical thought, whose action, unlike literature's, might and had renewed that "creative imagination for the possibilities of human life" which he had found so wanting in Proust.

In "A Modest Self-Tribute" in his new book, he writes that "I have tried to contribute a little to the general cross-fertilization, to make it possible for our literate public to appreciate and understand both our own Anglo-American culture and those of the European countries in relation to one another." This is exactly what he did do up to *Axel's Castle* and in its pages.

But though after that he addressed himself from time to time to contemporary American, British and European writers, it was only thinly and with more social and biographical emphasis than literary, and they were almost never the important ones. He was never again to take as his task the explication and illumination of the truly central works of our era's imagination, or of its risks and vicissitudes. He was never again to be abreast of literature. On the other hand, in order not to be cut off from literature, he was to immerse himself more and more in its marginal people and extrinsic aspects, skillfully and knowledgeably to recount what he had found.

To read Wilson's literary chronicles seriatim is to receive the strong impression that for more than twenty-five years he has had very little to say about the aesthetics of literature, and that on the scattered occasions when he is writing true criticism and not biography or intellectual "drama" he is operating on received notions, "classic" concepts of literary form – "balance," "harmony," "orchestration," "focusing" – which suggest the academic art critic perpetually looking for Greek values while all around him abstract or kinetic sculpture, action painting, op and pop whirl their new and self-generated forms.

The chronicles reveal that he is still interested in writing; but it is writing as history, as sociology, as biography or as usage and grammar. And more and more he is interested in "books," as artifacts of a cultured way of life, as curiosities and conundrums, as occasions for genteel discourse and as counter-pressures to the tides of barbarism and chaos he so evidently feels in contemporary life.

As I went through his books I was struck after a time by the frequency with which the expression "first-rate," or, less often, "first-class" or "top-flight" occurs in his writing. There are times when it becomes ludicrous, such as his reference to a "first-rate saint" or his acknowledgement that Thomas Aquinas had a "first-rate" mind. In these hundreds of "first-rates" which appear as the ultimate tribute he can bestow, it seems to me we have a clue to Wilson's career and fate as a critic.

As he says himself, he came from a social class to which excellence was what one aspired to, and for whom the "learned professions" existed as a heritage and obligation. Yet his father's generation "had to deal with a world in which this kind of education and the kind of ideals it served no longer counted for much." And his own generation had its own defeats. "In repudiating the materialism and the priggishness of the period in which we were born, we thought we should have a free hand to refashion American life. . . ." He would try to make it "first-rate," to bring it to that humane, civilized, moderate and rational level, with neither abysses nor ecstatic peaks, which the term suggests. At first, literature would be the agency and then, in the event – as it proved – that literature would be at odds with social regeneration, would not be assimilable to humanist morale, he would move away from it, or would feel himself cut off. But books and writing would remain, reminders of the instrumentalities of the "first-rate," shadows of an early dream of the life of the mind, persistent if shrunken forms of the effort, besieged and nearly unavailing, to be civilized.

COMING

Analysis Italian Style
by Robert Coles

An Appreciation of Evelyn Waugh
by Joseph Featherstone

Irvin Faust's First Novel
by Stanley Kauffmann

The US and Social Revolution
by I. F. Stone

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Very Last of 007

by Alex Campbell

In his twentieth and last adventure, in this final book of two short tales, Commander James Bond, British Secret Service Agent 007, shows himself to be the dove some of us had long suspected. Dispatched by his frosty-eyed chief, "M," to Checkpoint Charlie in Berlin to kill a Soviet sniper, Bond disobeys for sentimental reasons. Bond's creator Ian Fleming being dead, we'll never know whether this disobedience

Octopussy
by Ian Fleming
(New American Library; $3.50)

cost Bond his double O, entitling him to kill.

Without further question, Bond now joins the knightly company of story-book heroes. All of them are athletic, daring and handsomely virile, but their chief mark of distinction is that their patron saint is George and they chivalrously spend much of their time saving pretty girls from dragons of one kind or another. That, in essence, is what Bond does in his last adventure, at Checkpoint Charlie.

Probably there should never have been any doubts about Bond being a true-blue hero; in *Casino Royale, Dr. No, Moonraker, The Man With The Golden Gun* and other stories, he spends a lot of his time succoring the heroine. Nevertheless, Fleming, presumably deliberately, caused many readers to confuse Bond with the currently more prevalent anti-hero. Fleming did this by two devices. He supplied Bond with a different girl in every story, instead of a steady; and he had Bond treat her more like a whore than a heroine. In *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* the heroine actually gets bumped off, and in *Live And Let Die* she commits suicide. More than once Bond disgustedly describes his Secret Service missions as dirty as well as dangerous.

Fleming was keen to be "in." He wanted to be the best-seller he became, and he knew the vogue was for tough anti-heroes who would sooner bash a girl's face in than go to bed with her. But Bond, though he is a tough dove, is never a tough. He is quick on the draw, drives fast cars, kills villains, but all the stories imply what the last one spells out: Shooting girls just isn't his style.

Thanks to Sean Connery and the movies, Bond may be as well-known as Tarzan. This is encouraging to those of us who've never accepted the anti-hero, with his lousy manners and false hair on his chest. Does anybody *really* admire Mike Hammer? What's good about a Tarzan who tosses the girl to the cheetah instead of saving her from it? But a problem arises. Who will take Bond's place? There are disconcertingly few other story-book heroes around any more, and some of the best are getting pretty long in the tooth. Van Wyck Mason's Commander North predates the Pentagon; the Saint, the Toff and the Baron all were highly active in the early thirties. There isn't, of course, any valid reason why they shouldn't go on as long as their creators can keep it up. Story-book heroes are traditionally ageless. But these particular creators are getting on, too.

Does this mean the stage will soon be empty of heroes and dominated by hawks, who at the word of command will eagerly proceed to Berlin or any other checkpoint, to bump off any number of girls and the prettier the better? Or is there, somewhere, a new Bond getting ready to jump out of somebody's typewriter, to thwart the villains and save the heroine? If there is, may his adventures match the courage of the late Ian Fleming, who just before his death and knowing it was coming told a close friend of his and mine, "It's all been a tremendous lark."

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Gilman *is completing a volume of literary criticism which will be published in the fall.* Laurence Lieberman *is on the faculty of the College of the Virgin Islands.* Jeremy J. Stone *is a research associate at Harvard's* Center for International Affairs. Michael Furay *is a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Sierra Leone.*

Combat Mindlag!

Do you ever get the feeling you've read an article before? You probably have.

It takes years for ideas to filter down; each year they get fuzzier, less incisive, more acceptable, debased. Eventually insight comes packaged in the can.

Why wait? Mindlag can be combatted.

World Politics

America's most distinguished scholarly journal of international affairs, offers serious readers articles based on the results of original research on the frontiers of scholarship—findings that will affect theory and policy for years to come—in history, geography, economics, international relations, military affairs, foreign policy, sociology, political theory.

WORLD POLITICS
The quarterly journal of international affairs
sponsored by
The Center of International Studies
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
subscriptions $6.00 a year

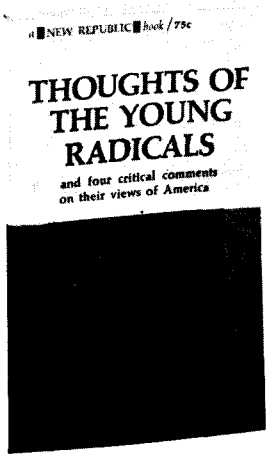
write Box 231
Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a NEW REPUBLIC book

"Where, precisely, do you think our society has gone wrong?"

- This was the question the editors of *The New Republic* asked a group of young thinkers of "the New Left." Their replies, first published in *The New Republic*, are now available in inexpensive paperback form.
- Included in this volume, too, are four comments on their views of America by Dr. Robert Coles, Michael Harrington, Paul Seabury and Ronald Hamowy.
- The introduction is by Andrew Kopkind, Associate Editor of *The New Republic*, who has followed the activities of the young radicals over the past few years.



SINGLE COPIES, 75 CENTS EACH
TWO OR MORE COPIES, 50 CENTS EACH

Available now: simply use this coupon

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Send me ..... copies of THOUGHTS OF THE YOUNG RADICALS.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State..... Zip.....

Cash or check only, please.
No charge orders.

Waiting for an End of History

by Jeremy J. Stone

Power and Impotence:
The Failure of America's Foreign Policy
by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff
(Random House; $4.95)

This is a brilliant and timely work on our relations with the outside world. To call its subject "foreign policy" would only hide what the book reveals, our need for national psychoanalysis. Motivated by unexamined anxieties, self-centeredness, and uncontrollable urges to involvement; bemused by rhetorical consistency, galvanized by any who ask for help in images appropriate to our illusions, unable to admit our mistakes, suffocating those dependent upon us, constantly searching for love – America would cut a pathetic figure were it not so powerful and well-meaning.

Stillman and Pfaff describe a nation acting in continuous anticipation of an end to history – an end to war or an end to the world, an end to Communism or an end to us, or an end to world political problems. Responding to implausible finalities, we lose our balance and are led to err systematically on the side of indiscriminate moral, political, economic, and military intervention. This is the pattern of behavior which the authors analyze, oppose, and fear; they would have us do "less not more."

Their work is rich in metaphors and insights. It is written in a sustained and evocative style – exceedingly pleasant. It is not content with analysis and description, but treats constructively the problems of policy toward Russia, Europe, China, Southeast Asia, Latin America and Africa, of foreign aid and of wars of national liberation. Finally, and surprisingly, there is no trace of cynicism; they have a passionate concern that America will become less than it could and ought to be. All this gives the volume the strength of sincere commitment. If the book is deficient, it will be on the side of an unexplained optimism in its insistence that America has the talent and capacity to do as it suggests. To ask for a change in style is, after all, to ask almost for everything.

The pressures for intervention go very deep: the authors are persuasive about them. We are, individually, rather more ignorant of history than arrogant in the face of it, and this ignorance is the less susceptible to change; certainly it is less vulnerable to failures, which may go unrecognized for what they are. Isolationism is so far behind us that most Americans no longer know that there is another way to "play it" than doing what now comes naturally, which turns out to be intervention.

Like buying a new car, intervention is easier to do than to refrain from doing, when one has the wherewithal. So long as our President releases anxieties by action, and so long as the Defense Department has the strength and his confidence, so long will we intervene on call. And, unfortunately, intervention's guise is that of an act foretelling immediate loss in return only for potential future costs. Only an iron self-control in a President, and a sense of proportion in those around him, can avoid selling the long run short. A nation that places an Admiral without relevant political experience in charge of its Central Intelligence Agency, and then responds unselfconfidently to the resultant hysteria, is going to get intervention every time.

Finally, the seeds of intervention have been planted promiscuously already – almost everywhere. We point to our heavy commitment of men and weapons in Europe as an automatic guarantee of our word, but we are not much less securely committed elsewhere, if less obviously. Just as a single emotional impulse can commit our forces to combat or escalation, so can a passing political impulse commit the nation to future responses.

If it is too much to ask for gross changes in our style itself, the authors ask that we recognize, at least, the limits of our power and the consequences of trying to do what none can achieve. It may be too late in Vietnam to do more than understand the heavy price we are paying for intervention. If we have to stub our toe or worse to learn our lesson, we ought at least be sure we learn it well. This book puts our errors in a perspective that makes them memorable and comprehensible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Available—The Books You WANT to Read

NEW REPUBLIC BOOK SERVICE

Special Money-Saving Prices on Most Books

Here is an opportunity to get select books delivered directly to you . . . saving time and money.

The following books have been reviewed in recent issues of the NEW REPUBLIC. For complete descriptions consult the respective issues. Each book is available at a special 20% discount off the published price.

42a—A THOUSAND DAYS by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. John F. Kennedy in the White House. (Retail Price $9.00) **$7.20**

65a—THE PARANOID STYLE IN AMERICAN POLITICS by Richard Hofstadter (Retail Price $5.95) **$4.75**

116a—THE PROUD TOWER by Barbara W. Tuchman (Retail Price $7.95) **$6.35**

133a—OMENSETTER'S LUCK by William H. Gass. A novel. (Retail Price $5.95) **$4.75**

134a—THE CRYING OF LOT 49 by Thomas Pynchon. A novel. (Retail Price $3.95) **$3.15**

135a—THE SOCIETY OF MAN by Louis J. Halle. A study in "applied philosophy." (Retail Price $4.95) **$3.95**

136a—FIVE WOMEN by Robert Musil. Five stories. (Retail Price $5.00) **$4.00**

137a—BREAKTHROUGH: THE SAGA OF JONAS SALK by Richard Carter (Retail Price $5.95) **$4.75**

138a—DANCERS, BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE IN THE STREETS by Edwin Denby. Critical writings on the dance. (Retail Price $5.95) **$4.75**

139a—JOHN BUCHAN. A BIOGRAPHY by Janet Adam Smith (Retail Price $7.50) **$6.00**

140a—CHARLES PEGUY by Marjorie Villiers. A biography and study of the French writer. (Retail Price $6.50) **$5.20**

141a—VIETNAM: BETWEEN TWO TRUCES by Jean Lacouture (Retail Price $5.95) **$4.75**

142a—QUESTIONS OF TRAVEL by Elizabeth Bishop. Poems. (Retail Price $3.95) **$3.15**

OTHER RECOMMENDED BOOKS

2—HOW TO ARGUE WITH A CONSERVATIVE by Neil Staebler and Douglas Ross. Addressed openly to liberals, it gives a full platform to the conservative point of view on every subject, and it presents in reply the liberal's answer. An essential handbook for liberals, essential homework for conservatives. **$4.50**

45—UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED, The Designed-in-Dangers of the American Automobile by Ralph Nader. This tell-all study is creating a great stir in the press. It is the complete and unvarnished story of the failure to make cars safe—a failure costing 40,000 people life and limb each year, even though the skill and know-how to make a crash-proof car has been available for a long time. **$5.00**

143—ADLAI E. STEVENSON: His Public Life, 1949-1965. Photographs by Cornell Capa, John Fell Stevenson, and others; text from Stevenson's writings and speeches. Preface by Walter Lippmann. In his own words and a multitude of photographs, the character of the public life Stevenson led is revealed. **$8.95**

144—ABORTION by Lawrence Lader. The first authoritative and documented report on the laws and practices governing abortion in the U.S. and around the world and how they can and must be reformed. **$5.95**

145—HEIRS TO FREUD, Essays in Freudian Psychology. Edited and with an introduction by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, Ph.D. Essays by colleagues and followers of Freud on his influence on medicine, sexuality, psychoanalysis, etc. **$6.00**

146—UP THE IVY, Being Microcosmographia Academica Revisited, A True Blue Guide on How to Climb in the Academic World Without Appearing to Try by Academicus Mentor. Discusses such vital requirements as Ethics in the Academic World, On Academic Wives, Students, The Non-Necessity of Original Ideas, etc. Delightful! Boxed, illustrated. **$2.75**

147—TRUJILLO, The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator by Robert Crassweller. The first full account of the incredible, sadistic man and his regime. Illustrated. **$6.95**

148—1787: THE GRAND CONVENTION by Clinton Rossiter. A brilliant, monumental history of the summer of 1787 in Philadelphia when the Framers of the Constitution met to hammer out the document on which our government is based. Illustrated. **$7.95**

149—THE NEW CLASS DIVIDED by Albert Parry. A startling book reporting the rise in the Soviet Union of a new technical elite chafing under rigid government controls, scornful of ignorant party hacks and directing their work for personal achievement. **$8.95**

150—WILL THE HUMAN RACE SURVIVE? by Henry Still. A qualified, understandable presentation of the problems of our survival as seen by a gifted scientist. Examines three major fields of scientific development that guarantee the future of mankind. **$5.95**

151—THE PRESIDENT I ALMOST WAS by Mrs. Yetta Bronstein "Vote for Yetta and things will get better." Her presidential campaign was covered by every major communications medium but here is the entire hilarious story of her valiant struggle to be President on the Best Party ticket. **$4.95**

USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM

NEW REPUBLIC BOOK SERVICE
1244 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send to me the book(s) circled below. Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____.

2 42a 45 65a 116a 133a 134a 135a
136a 137a 138a 139a 140a 141a 142a
143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **STATE** ..... **ZIP** .....

No charge orders accepted—for foreign shipment add 50 cents, each book.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACK WRITING

Négritude – A Romantic Myth?

Gerald Moore and Ulli Beier summarized the origins of the concept of Négritude and discussed its relevance in their "introduction" to *Modern Poetry from Africa* (1963). They compared Négritude as a literary force in French-speaking and English-speaking Africa this way:

> In the last few years there have been signs that the wellspring of Négritude is running dry. The great period was in the forties and early fifties, and since then Césaire, Demas, and Senghor have all been notably unproductive. Birago Diop has published only one slim volume of verse in twenty years. David Diop was killed after writing only a handful of poems and before it was possible to say in what direction his style might have moved. Meanwhile the center of poetic activity seems to have shifted from Senegal-Paris to Nigeria, where the last five years have seen a remarkable upsurge. And, as already pointed out, these young poets "of English expression" are not merely indifferent to, but actually hostile towards, the concept of Négritude.

"Ultimately, it is fair to say that although *négritude* is not physically dead," wrote the editors of *West Africa* (April 30, 1966), "in some ways it seems to us to be, for *independent Africa*, a walking zombie." One reason perhaps lies in the difference between the intellectual traditions of France and England and the subsequently different cultural developments of their former colonies. Another reason, I think, was suggested long ago by Jean-Paul Sartre who argued in *Orphée noir* that Négritude was a revolutionary force against European domination; as such, by definition, it was not permanent. Sartre's understanding of Négritude as *"l'être-dans-le-monde du noir"* (Heidegger's "being-in-the-world") led him to assert that Négritude was a rediscovery of the African self; it was therefore, in his terms, an "anti-racist racism."

Seven years ago, Janheinz Jahn wrote in *Approaches to African Literature* (with J. A. Ramsaran) that *"négritude* was liberation: it freed African authors from European patterns of writing. *Négritude* became a confession: a confession of Africa, of African thinking, African way of life, African writing. Africa, often despised as inferior, got its value back and its honor, adopting and praising the ways of traditional African thinking. By *négritude* Africa was intellectually freed." But Jahn's claim, it appears, has been disproved by the Nigerian writers alone who, I am fairly certain, would have been "intellectually freed" in the total absence of Négritude.

As a movement which began in the Caribbean more than thirty-five years ago, designed to assert the Negro's identity and underline his contribution to world culture. Négritude was later expounded under its French name by Césaire and Senghor and given a new life and meaning for Africa; as a positive analysis, it did yield some meaning for the African's way of thinking and living – for his religions, his arts, his social systems. In the Africa of today it may still have validity as a political force in view of the trouble in South Africa and the Portuguese colonies. Nevertheless, in view of its repudiation by English-speaking Africans (itself already a decade old) it was disconcerting to find that the First World Festival of Negro Arts, held in Dakar, Senegal last April, introduced again (perhaps resurrected is a better word) the old theme.

According to official announcements, the Festival was the culmination of Négritude: in the words of Senghor, Africa "must now take its rightful place as creator of culture . . . and the Festival will mark the formal opening of this new era." And so the Festival declared its four aims: 1) To permit Negro artists throughout the world to return periodically to the sources of their art; 2) to make known the contribution of what President Senghor has termed "négritude," the Negro's pride in his race and a recognition of the Negro's unique creative ability based on his African heritage; 3) to make it possible for Negro artists to meet and demonstrate their talents to members of the international art world; 4) to advance international and interracial understanding.

These are noble principles of course. Nonetheless, the first contains a non-sequitur stemming from the assumption of the second aim, namely, the assumption that "the Negro's unique creative ability [is] based on his African heritage. . . ." In any case, certainly, the first aim begs a large question: is Africa *really* the source of art for Negroes throughout the world?

In the United States, this question has not been resolved. On the one hand, Africa is considered the origin of, the vital force in, the culture of Negro Americans; on the other, Africa is adjudged irrelevant in their cultural development. As we might expect, though I do not wish to disparage the studies of Robert Park and those which he influenced, the question has been debated more honestly by writers who fall somewhere within the extremes. In 1959, at the First Conference of Negro Writers, sponsored by the American Society of African Culture, Samuel W. Allen acknowledged that Africa "may well serve for many as a leaven, enriching in large measure the cultural loaf," but he left little doubt about the "cultural imprint" of America on Negro writers:

> I think there is little disagreement that our cultural situation is substanially different from that of Amos

POSTERS OF THE PAST

Rare American posters, exact reproduction. New look for home, office, den & school. Exceptional values.

K4-Lincoln Campaign poster	85c
K6-Negro Slave Sale poster	50c
P2-Stagecoach Travel poster	50c
P11-Jesse James Reward	25c
P39-Barnum Circus program	50c
C63-Civil War Recruiting	35c
R1-Amer. Revolution Recruiting	50c
P1-Amer. Rev. British Recruiting	65c
R4-1776, Warns Howe coming, etc.	35c
R15-Lincoln Funeral Poster	55c
C52-Showboat, illustrated handbill	75c
C58-Uncle Tom Cabin, illustrated poster	55c
C80-Movie Poster-1903-rare	30c
C186-Raffle of Horse and Slave Poster	55c
Complete catalog	10c

Minimum order $2. Add 15c for mailing. Pioneer Hist. Society, Dept. NR, Harriman, Tenn. 37748.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tutuola, of Efua Morgue of Ghana, of the Senegalese, resident of Paris since his university days, or of the Haitian or Jamaican writer. Our contact with Africa has been remote for centuries, and both the natural and the consciously directed impacts of the enslavement were to shatter the African cultural heritage. Further, the American Negro, uprooted from his homeland, has been subjected in a manner unparalleled among other peoples of African descent to the cultural imprint of a powerful, dominant majority in a strange and unfriendly land.

This view, it should be noted, did not prevent John Henrik Clarke from arguing in the opening paragraphs of his paper entitled "Reclaiming the Lost African Heritage" that ". . . many writers, both black and white, have pointed to a rich and ancient African heritage, which, in my opinion, *must be reclaimed if American Negroes in general and Negro writers in particular are ever to be reconciled with their roots*" (emphasis added).

In *Nobody Knows My Name*, although he has at other times argued both sides of this question, James Baldwin brilliantly revealed the differences between American and African Negroes and made clear the problem which Africa poses for the American Negro writer. He was suspicious of Senghor's treatment of Richard Wright's *Black Boy*. Senghor had argued that if Wright's book were properly analyzed it would expose unquestionably the African heritage which produced it. To Baldwin, the result of such a notion was to take away Wright's identity; his reply therefore was laced with irony: "I had never thought of it, as Senghor clearly did, as one of the major *African* autobiographies, only one more document, in fact, like one more book in the Bible, speaking of the African's long persecution and exile." According to Baldwin, "Senghor chose to overlook several gaps in his argument, not the least of which was the fact that Wright had not been in a position, as Europeans had been, to remain in contact with his hypothetical African heritage"; furthermore, the book's "form, psychology, moral attitude, preoccupations, in short, its cultural validity, were all due to forces which had nothing to do with Africa." This view is consistent with Baldwin's "Discovery of What It Means to Be an American" and his earlier "Autobiographical Notes," in which he proved to his astonishment to be "as American as any Texas GI," in which he discovered that he was a man first, then a writer and a Negro – a deeply personal conclusion which perplexes some white Americans but which several Negro writers have made.

Finally, Ralph Ellison has probably offered in the several essays collected in *Shadow and Act* the most extensive argument for the assumption underlying Baldwin's notion of identity. To Ellison, race is simply a fact of birth, to be handled like any other. The blackness of a writer is unimportant in contrast to understanding and devotion to his craft. The Negro writer is foremost an individual who, like all writers, draws on the circumstances, the events, the places and objects of his experience; his development as a writer depends on his ability to depict fully and eloquently the meaning of his experience. Ellison has, more persuasively than anyone else, insisted on the Negro's basic involvement in the cultural milieu of America, on his identity as being defined by that experience, and on the positive aspects of his future in America. The identity of the Negro American is defined by Ellison in "Some Questions and Some Answers": "the American Negro is North American in origin and has evolved under specifically American conditions: climatic, nutritional, political and social. . . . Its spiritual outlook is basically Protestant, its systems of kinship is Western, its time and historical sense are American (United States), and its secular values are those professed, ideally at least, by all of the people of the United States."

From the entire body of Négritude writing, the Festival Committee chose two quotations to introduce and support its theme:

So let us attend the rebirth of the world
As the leaven which all white flour needs.
For who else would impart the rhythm
To a world that has died of machines and guns?

The fruits of négritude should not be picked
by black hands alone but also by the hands
of men of goodwill throughout the world.

The first selection is from "Prayer to Masks," a poem in which Senghor celebrates the integral art of Africa and sublimates his bitterness over Europe's rape of the continent by prophesying a renaissance, one which will in fact save the "soulless" West. The second comes from the more didactic work of Tchicaya U Tam'si and requires little comment. Taken together, these epigrams express one of the simplest and yet most arguable meanings of Négritude: Africa is the contemporary renaissance. This was the meaning of Négritude at the Festival, and it is, it seems, the meaning of Négritude in 1966.

In his speech at the opening of the Colloqium in Dakar, André Malraux

This advertisement is not an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities. The offering is made only by the prospectus.

New Issue

A NEW REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT TRUST WHICH INTENDS TO INVEST IN HOUSING OPEN TO ALL.

Please send without obligation the M-REIT Prospectus. Attn.: Morris Milgram, Mgr., M-REIT, 51 E. 42nd St., Suite 211, New York, N.Y. 10017

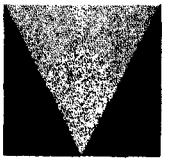
NR-6-18-7-2

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

M-REIT



Mutual
Real Estate
Investment Trust

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Offer to New Republic Readers:

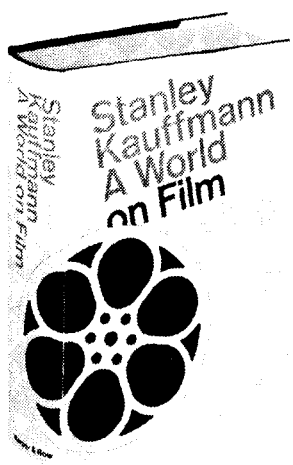
Stanley Kauffmann's

A WORLD ON FILM

Criticism and Comment

A selection of Stanley Kauffmann's film criticism and articles from early 1958 to late 1965

At 20 Percent Off The Regular Price



ERIC BENTLEY says: "I have read Stanley Kauffmann's movie column religiously for years and have been glad to re-read the articles as reprinted in book form. What some of them may lose in new value, now they are old, they gain in a 'relatedness' revealed by the new context. We see now that there was not merely a keen response to the individual event but a continuous enquiry on meaningfully consistent lines. I wonder if any other movie critic now living could assemble such a book? I have not come across anything of the kind since James Agee."

Use the coupon below to order your copy at only $6.36. (Regular price, $7.95)

BOOK Department
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Please send me.....copy(ies) of A WORLD ON FILM by Stanley Kauffmann at $6.36 per copy, postpaid. I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order in the amount of $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State, Zip Code .....

praised Senghor as a man who "has offered to take for the first time in history in his perishable hands the destiny of a continent." Malraux's diction on Négritude was even more impressive the influence of Negro art is manifest in world culture, particularly, though certainly not exclusively, in jazz and the dance, and this is "the basis for the Africanization of Europe."

President Senghor, too, emphasized the role of Négritude in the 20th-Century world. At first, he spoke quietly and humbly: "Today, however, as an old advocate of Négritude I shall limit myself more modestly to the function and significance which we Senegalese attribute to this First World Festival of Negro Arts, rather than discuss the function and significance of Negro Art – which I have tried to do elsewhere. The point is this: if we have assumed the awesome responsibility of organizing this Festival, it is *in order to defend and illustrate Négritude*" (the translation is mine, but the emphasis is Senghor's). As he continued, there was a radical change in the tone of his comments. He castigated the critics of Négritude for denying "Negro values or civilization" and seeking "to remove its originality: its human truth." "Beyond its vital function," he said, "Negro Art has this significance: *it makes us participate in the being of God by making us participate in His creation.*" Such Christian attributes, according to Senghor, give Négritude its universal importance – as the all-embracing world cultural synthesis. And the event of Négritude cannot be overestimated it is "more revolutionary than the exploration of the cosmos"; we are witnessing the "elaboration of a new *humanism* which will embrace the totality of men on the totality of our planet *earth*."

Several days later, Aimé Césaire posited the same conclusion in a striking rhetorical speech which many listeners interrupted to applaud wildly. Négritude, he said, is the unifying force of Africa as well as our present-day world. Like Senghor, Césaire discussed Négritude in terms of the "civilization of the universal." (Both men continue to be influenced by Malraux, and Senghor especially, it seems, has been influenced lately by Teilhard de Chardin.) In essence, Césaire's speech restated,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

en years later, his peroration at the Congress of Negro writers and Artists n Paris: "We find ourselves today in a ultural chaos. And this is our role: to iberate the forces which, alone, can organize from this chaos a new synthesis, synthesis which will deserve the name of a culture, a synthesis which will be he reconciliation of the old and the ew. We are here to proclaim the right of our people to speak, to let our people, black people, make their entrance on the great stage of history."

If black Africans have now entered he great stage of history, they have done so with a painful uncertainty about their identity if we credit this achievement to Négritude. For the concept of Négritude, by its continued need o assert the African personality, implies a prolonged alienation of self. Four years ago, Melville Herskovits asked in his preface to Jacob Drachler's *African Heritage*, "What, in essence, is *négritude*? Wherein lies 'the African personality'? What values are hidden n the manifestations of an African genius they imply; how can the values hat the African feels are lodged in his traditional heritage be reestablished? n their writings, Africans are debating these questions, and it is through these writings that we can glimpse the answers toward which they are reaching." Today, we ask the same questions; we must continue to debate them. Otherwise, Négritude risks becoming a romantic myth, as the myth of the Noble Savage ultimately became.

Michael Furay

Correspondence

Simulating Poverty

Sirs:

In his article, "Simulating Poverty: Input and Output," James Ridgeway mentions the study recently conducted by my organization in connection with the OEO's migratory labor program. His comments make it difficult to believe that he ever saw the research or discussed it with anyone who had read it. After stating that "the main thrust of its 150-page study calls for more research," he declares that the study "was passed along with a perfunctory staff memo to Shriver. The memo made no recommendations, which is understandable, since the study really made no recommendations."

Included in the research data delivered to the OEO by International Research Associates were thirty-three separate evaluative reports on various aspects of the migratory program. Many specific action recommendations were contained in these reports. The "150-page study," which integrated the findings from these thirty-three reports, contains 104 separate recommendations placed conveniently at the front of the report. Of these 104, only ten even suggest further "research."

Elmo C. Wilson, President
International Research Associates, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

In reply:

I did indeed see the research on migratory farm labor and discussed it at some length with people at the Office of Economic Opportunity. The object of any program attempting to deal with migrant laborers is to break them out of the vicious economic cycle that enslaves them, and help them settle into other walks of life where they may find some future. While there are 104 alleged "recomendations" in the research report by the International Research Associates, Inc., this basic question is met in recommendation number 1 as follows: "With respect to the approach suggested under (a) above – concentrating efforts on a single significant long-term effort – the goal of settling the migrant worker and eliminating the streams of migrants would appear to be one which would merit such a concentrated effort. While many of the specialists in the field talk about the desirability of 'removing migrants from the stream' and integrating them into the community, only two or three think in terms of eliminating the stream of migrancy itself. It is our judgment that this is an idea whose time has not yet come. A pamphlet published earlier this year explores the feasibility of eliminating a supply of out-of-state labor from the point of view of the employers in a single state. This excellent discussion will no doubt spur more thinking about the subject and more research into the implications from other perspectives. It is clear, however, that the achievement of this goal is many years away.

"Desirable as the goal may be, it is recommended that the OEO *not* concentrate its full efforts on its attainment, since this would mean leaving migratory workers to continue over the next years without assistance in facing the problems of day to day living.

"On the other hand, it is recommended that research into ways and means of eliminating the stream be supported." Here are a few examples from the remaining 103 recommendations to spring from this $100,000 worth of research: Recommendation 51, "Supplies for VISTA Volunteers: Provision should be made for VISTA volunteers of the in-

"It has consistently provided those of us in public life with trenchant and penetrating analyses of the larger issues underlying the day-to-day decisions we make. And it has done so with grace and felicity of style."

—ROBERT F. KENNEDY

See For Yourself

For new subscribers only.

COMMENTARY, Dept. NR14
165 East 56th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please enter my subscription:
☐ 7 months—$4.79
☐ 12 months—$8.00
☐ Please send bill ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside U.S.A.—add $1.00 per subscription.

Please use separate sheet for gift subscriptions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He's probably heard about the Ku Klux Klan.

For $5, you can introduce him to Abraham Lincoln.

Ralph Tornberg & Assoc.

Other world powers know the impact of books. They send book-hungry readers in underdeveloped parts of the world millions of volumes that tell their side of the story. Soviet Russia currently exports *four times* as many as the United States.

Ed Murrow started BOOKS USA, a private, nonprofit educational program to help close "the book gap." The Peace Corps and the U. S. Information Agency moved quickly to make it an effective reality. Today, President Johnson urges all Americans to support it. Here's how it works:

America's leading publishers supply books at or below cost. For each $5.00 you contribute, a packet of ten carefully selected paperbacks is sent overseas. Packets on understanding America, American history and government, learning English, science books, books for children, the best American literature. Authors like Thoreau, Fiorello LaGuardia, Robert Frost, and James Thurber. Books like *Profiles in Courage*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

Every book is *used*—intelligently. BOOKS USA distributes packets through Peace Corps volunteers and U.S.I.A. personnel, who put them into the hands and minds of the people who need them most. And wherever the packet your $5 provides is sent—Latin America, Africa, the Near East, or the Far East—it goes with a card giving your name and address as a donor. Don't be surprised if you receive a thank-you letter directly from the students and teachers you've helped.

> President Johnson says: "BOOKS USA gives Americans an opportunity to share the wealth of their spirit with the world. I urge all Americans to give it their generous support."

Whatever you give will help win friends for the United States. Maybe for you, too. *Send food for thought. Send BOOKS USA.*

BOOKS USA
Box 1960, Washington, D. C. 20013

BOOKS USA

I want BOOKS USA to send overseas
in my name _____ book packets @ $5.00 each.
Enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP CODE_____

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS*_____

_____

*If you know a Peace Corps volunteer on duty overseas, you may have your packets sent to him for distribution. Or, you may specify type of packet and area where it is to be sent, if you wish.

Make checks payable to BOOKS USA.

All contributions are tax deductible.

Space donated by this publication

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struments they need to do their work. . . ." Recommendation 52: "Involving the Community at Large: It is urged that communications between OEO-grantee personnel and the general public be increased. The importance of involving the general public and its organizations in the program is underlined by the contribution to the success of those programs which have involved the community in a variety of ways, and the deficiencies of those programs which have not involved the community"; Recommendation 69: "It is urged that special study be given to the question of how the positive values in migrant life can be exploited in improving the teaching of the migrant child." And so on. *James Ridgeway*

California Politics

Sirs:

It was with a marked degree of incredulity that I read your assessment of the California primary, your evaluation of the Lt. Governor's race on the Democratic side ("Politics in California," June 18). I hardly consider Thomas Braden's showing one of strength. To assume – as you did – that Mr. Braden would have won had Lloyd Hand not entered the race is, to put it mildly, stretching one's imagination just a little too far.

Lt. Gov. Anderson's margin of victory over Mr. Braden exceeded six hundred thousand votes and his margin over Mr. Hand was nearly three-fourths of a million. Furthermore, Mr. Anderson defeated both Mr. Braden and Mr. Hand in all 58 of California's counties; he received more than their combined total vote in 52 of those 58 counties, and in addition, he polled more votes than did Governor Brown in 47 of the 58 counties. When one reflects upon the fact that Mr. Braden and Mr. Hand spent somewhere in excess of $500,000 for the primary, compared to the Lt. Governor's $75,000; that they campaigned for 2 months to Mr. Anderson's 2 weeks, and that they expended large sums of money for television time to zero for the Lt. Governor, the one truly remarkable fact that emerges is the size of Mr. Anderson's victory. . . .

I have talked to numerous people, not one of whom agrees with your judgment regarding the possibility of Mr. Braden's assuming the mantle of party leadership in California should Governor Brown lose.

I have no desire to further the feud with Tom Braden, whom I quite freely admit is a capable man of considerable charm, but Tom Braden disappointed far more people than he pleased when he decided to run against Glenn Anderson. It's no secret that he aspires to public office. Why not then, the Superintendent of Public Instruction? Since Dr. Max Rafferty first appeared on the scene in 1962, he and Mr. Braden (President of the Board of Education) have been literally at one another's throats. Dr. Rafferty's job was the logical prize – in my judgment – to consummate Tom Braden's plans. As President of the State Board of Education, Mr. Braden has impressed numerous people with his leadership ability demonstrated in that capacity. But, instead, he made the tactical mistake of running against Mr. Anderson. . . .

George S. Mitrovich
Administrative Assistant
Office of the Lieutenant Governor
Los Angeles, California

Computer-Tutor

Sirs:

Unless computers are capable of transposing digits, it must have been a linotype operator who caused the Yorktown Heights, N.Y., educational iron man to say, in response to James Ridgeway's remark that Betsy Ross "made US flags": "The US did not exist as such until after 1870." ("Computer-Tutor," June 4). The Yorktown Heights computer is lucky that its denial of the nationalizing effect of the Declaration of Independence was not made in York County, Pennsylvania, on July 12, 1776, on which the Tory publicist James Rankin was called before the York County Committee to explain his similar language. If, as we may suspect, a computer is even more sensitive to tar and feathers than is mortal man, it could have escaped as Rankin did by grinding out this pledge, in which, to make history and science conform, I have substituted one word:

"I . . . do promise on the faith and honor of an honest *computer*, that I will in future pay due regard to the

Changing address

●

Send both

old and new addresses to

SUBSCRIPTION
DEPARTMENT
THE NEW REPUBLIC
381 WEST CENTER ST.
MARION, OHIO

●

Allow three weeks

for change to become effective

distinctive

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards – paintings by Fra Angelico, El Greco, and Goya, goldsmiths' work in enamel, crystal, and jewels, Renaissance angels, medieval stained glass, Victorian Christmas illustrations, American primitives, drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and Rembrandt, and a festive variety of designs from Tibet, Persia, Greece, and Sweden. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first.

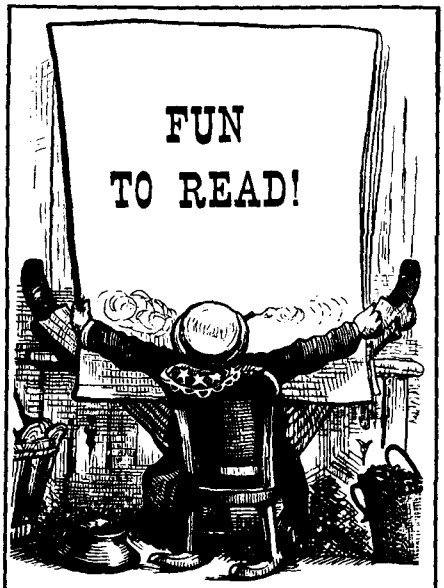
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed L1

Name _____

Address _____

_____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The IDLER is a lively, individualistic liberal monthly that entertains as it informs. Warm humor and cold facts mixed *into a pleasant, personal and personable* journalistic pot.

Send $3.00 today for a year's subscription. Money back if not satisfied.

Discover THE IDLER and you will have made a new friend.

THE IDLER
125 Fifth St., N.E.
Washington, D. C. 20002

Please send me a one year's subscription to THE IDLER. Enclosed is $3.00.

Name .....

Address .....

.....**Zip**.....

BOOK HUNTING?

Any Book Located

No matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, all subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation. Write to—Dept. NEW

BOOKS-ON-FILE

Union City New Jersey

rules and regulations of the honorable Continental Congress and behave in all respects as becomes a good citizen of the United States of America."

I suggest that for its Fourth of July dinner, the Yorktown Heights IBM machine be fed the resolution unanimously adopted by the Continental Congress on September 9, 1776: "Resolved, That in all continental commissions, and other instruments, where, heretofore, the words 'United Colonies' have been used, the stile be altered, for the future, to the 'United States'." For dessert, the computer might digest the exclamation of Congressional Delegate Abraham Clark on August 6, 1776, when he heard that British Commander Lord Howe had written a second time after his letter on prisoners of war, addressed to "George Washington, Esquire," was returned to him unopened: "He gave General Washington the title of General and called us The United States!"

Irving Brant
Eugene, Oregon

The University

Sirs:

Taking issue with Walter Lippmann's "The University" (May 28), in their letters appearing in your June 11 issue, Messrs. Cox and Barber find it necessary to distort Mr. Lippmann's claim for the centrality of the universities. . . .

In defense of Mr. Lippmann, he has nowhere called for a "theocracy of academe" (Mr. Cox) or for "self-perpetuating ivory towers" (Mr. Barber). Rather, he repeatedly points to the limitations and fallibilities of the university, and he specifically states that they are *not* "monastic establishments shut off from the struggles and strains of the human condition."

Considering that Mr. Lippmann has given such a reasonable accounting of the strength and weaknesses of the community of scholars, it is surprising and not a little annoying to find his detractors using the arguments they have chosen. Mr. Lippmann is clearly exhorting universities to rid themselves of such weaknesses as will mar the central role which, in his view, only they can take.

David Lawson
New York, N.Y.

CAMERAS FROM HONG KONG. Why pay ridiculous New York prices for cameras? Import and Save! Example: Canonflex Pellix fl. 4 with case, list $333.95. Your price $199.95. For more information, write: International Camera Service, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10003.

PAINTING of your favorite memory, place, person, professionally done any size, period, style, manner of any painter. Send photograph, description, for information, quotations: Box 4421, Macon, Georgia 31208.

BUY NOW – GLOAT LATER. Sculpture by artist noted since 1929, rock-bottom priced for direct purchase. Carved, modeled originals, to order replicas, creative facsimiles. Commissions. Photos, resume on request. Enid Bell, 701 Columbia Avenue, N. Bergen, New Jersey.

FOR THE CONNOISSEUR, AND THE BEGINNING ART COLLECTOR: Contemporary Graphic Arts by 30 leading printmakers in this country. Send $1 for our completely illustrated catalogue of low-edition etchings, woodcuts, etc. From $15 to $115. American Graphic Arts, NR-1, 15152 Otsego Street, Sherman Oaks, California.

TWO MATURE ARCHITECTURE STUDENTS desire challenging design work during summer. 212 – 663-8208.

RUTGERS GRADUATE STUDENT needs car in Europe late summer. Will pick up your overseas delivered new car at factory any country (preferably England) and return to New York subject to ship schedules and agreement. Box 745, New Republic.

RESPONSIBLE GRADUATE PSYCHOLOGY STUDENT and wife wish to tend a house or apartment in New York City beginning September 1 for six months or more. Box 750, New Republic.

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY SUMMER ADULT INSTITUTES. *Man in Contemporary Society* — July 31-August 6, *The Creative Arts in the Sixties* – August 7-13. Courses and lectures by Brandeis faculty and visiting authorities: Cyrus Gordon, Stanley Kauffmann, Abraham Maslow, Charles Moore, Howard Nemerov, John Roche, Harold Shapero, William Seitz, Isaac Asimov, Max Lerner and others. Cost: $150 per Institute (includes room, board, tuition). For illustrated brochure, write Brandeis University, Box R, Office of Adult Education, Waltham, Mass. 02154.

ANDEAN SWEATERS – it may still be summer, but knitting takes time. Handsome, bulky, handspun, hand-knit, 100% virgin wool sweaters. S.M.L. Specify style. (C.D. Project) Write: Sweaters, Box 118, Cuenca, Ecuador.

LIKE TO STOP THE NEXT "LIMITED" WAR before it starts? *PEACE BY FINESSE* tells how. Endorsed by leading students of peace-making including Profs. A. Etzioni and D. F. Fleming. $1.00. Box 27711, Hollywood, Calif. 90027.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) 25c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....23c
Per word 12 times in one contract year.....22c
Per word 24 times in one contract year.....20c
Per word 48 times in one contract year.....18c
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions In One Year

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th St. N.W., Wash. 36, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SILENCE THOSE AGGRESSIVE HUCKSTERS! – minimize commercial brain-washing! Silence commercials with simple device. Illustrated "do-it-yourself" instructions plus safety resistor, 25c; complete kit, including switch, wire and safety resistor, $1.50 The Silencer, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley 1, California.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING." Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

JOIN THE OHIM CLUB; MEMBERSHIP NOW OPEN. Lifetime Membership card with beautiful, gold-plated, hand-polished, membership pin. Can be used as tie tack, lapel pin, or dress ornament. Has that fine jewelry look. Nicely boxed conversation piece. Only $1.00 ppd. Customcraft Creations, P. O. Box 1111, Dept. 77, Providence, Rhode Island 02901.

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE 8x10 ENLARGEMENT from any photo, negative or slide–$2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Cameras, 1540 E. 83rd St., Chicago, Illinois 60619.

"PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM." GIANT photo mural . . . typical "BOGIE" pose, (43" x 30") from one of his most famous movie roles, lithographed on poster stock . . . shipped in protective mailing tube. $2.00 postpaid. Hudson Industries, Dept. NR-13, 116 Charles Street, New York, N. Y. 10014.

AFRICAN CARVINGS: Tribal Masks, Drums: Free Brochure. Verkaufen Imports, Box 137, LeMars, Iowa.

ORIGINALS cost less than reproductions! Contemporary, original, signed etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, $3.50. Guarantee. Free Brochure, Graphic Circle (NR), 68 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10011.

20 BEAUTIFUL BLACK & WHITE WALLET SIZE prints and 1 5x7 in folder–$3.00 postpaid; made from any slide, negative or photo. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Camera, 1540 East 83rd Street, Chicago 19, Illinois.

ASSOCIATES sought for new satirical, independent weekly needed to arouse apathetic John Doe against hypocrisy corroding American life. Mass appeal paramount. Suggestions welcome. Box 740, New Republic.

INCREASE YOUR PAY 10-25%. *Now!* WHO'S HIRING WHO shows you how and where to do it – with great success. Fully identifies employers and 68,685 job openings (1000 categories-messengers to top administrators – worldwide). Explicit guides on preparing a superior resume (outstanding samples included), controlling interviews, negotiating top pay. (Similar advice from professional career counselor costs $500 or more.) *Guaranteed* to give you a new insight into your opportunities for strong advancement *NOW*. Prompt refund if you don't find WHW *far* better than any other book of its kind. Send $3.00 (includes rush handling, 1st-class postage) to: WHW, Dept. NR, 888 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS – All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

FREE WORLDWIDE SEARCH SERVICE for out-of-print books in any language. The Compleat Bookman, Box 148, Northport, L. I., N. Y.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

THE FACES OF FIVE DECADES, the classic 50th Anniversary Anthology of THE NEW REPUBLIC, edited by Robert Luce, introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Selected articles from 1914 through 1964, available in hard cover, $6.95, or soft cover, $2.95. Pre-paid orders only. The New Republic, 1244 Nineteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

HOW MUCH are your old books worth? New magazine gives the answers. Sample copy 75c. (Also available: *Directory of Collectors and Dealers*: $2.00). Booklover's Answer, Webster 9, New York.

HOW AND WHERE to live in remote areas of the US. Pioneer Newsletter-monthly, $2 year Box 149. Calabasas, California.

HAVE A FRIEND INTERESTED IN PHILATELY? Next 7+ cacheted covers commemorating US Major Space Efforts plus space-philatelic-newsletter for $5.00. Space Craft Covers, Box 2296, Huntington, W Va. 25724.

SOCIALIST BOOKS – Literature, catalog, free. New York Labor News, Dept. R, 116 Nassau Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201.

WASHINGTON: THE LOST COLONY, reprint of two articles by Andrew Kopkind and James Ridgeway, factual report on Washington without home rule, 35c each; bulk rates on request. Reprint Service, The New Republic, 1244 Nineteenth St., N.W., Wash., D. C. 20036.

MANDARIN IN FOUR WEEKS, $3.50. Oriental Publication Service, Box 300, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

21 WAYS TO SAVE ON YOUR PHONE BILL. Send $1 to American Telephone Consumers Council, 1133-H Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10036.

"WILL FORMS." Two will forms and book on wills. $1.00 complete. National Forms, Box 48513-NR, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

COSMOPOLITAN CONTACT-polyglot magazine for international friendship. 3 issues $1.00. Postbox 29117, Hollywood, Calif.

GLOBAL PHILOSOPHY FOR NONTHEISTS. Free information about international humanist movement. American Humanist Association, Dept. NR-16, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

1½" PEACE STICKERS – Assorted – 20c/100. Self-addressed envelope. Hogen, Box 259, Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009.

INDEX FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC Volume #153, July-December, 1965 available now. Please send ten cents to The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

LONELY? Excellent essays about loving and being loved that may interest you. $2.00 postpaid. Box 21086, Washington, D. C. 20009.

TRY CAMPING in unspoiled, uncrowded private area. Rent a cabin in the woods-a tent or bring your own. Folder: Perkins, Box 461, Rutland, Vermont.

INFORMAL FAMILY VACATIONS, Erudite Clientele, Childrens Haven. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H.

VACATION PLUS . . . If you can't go abroad, let us bring the world to you. Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk-dancing, excursions. Generous family-style menus. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address World Fellowship, Conway, New Hampshire.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS vacation cottage, breathtaking views. Weekly rental. J. Brown, 175 West 76, New York.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N. H. 03877. Tel. 603 – 447-2818.

289 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 168 cities, 24 countries. Latest listing of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyager, Ltd., Box 24634NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL, Grades 7, 8 & 9. Small coeducational boarding and day school. Liberal Quaker leadership. Beautiful mountain setting. Solid academic program, active work. Write Morgan School, Burnsville 2, N. C.

THE DUGWAY, a small coeducational center of learning for children 7-17 for whom the traditional system of education is unsatisfactory, unrealistic, irrelevant and boring. Applicants must be fourteen or under. Glendale, Mass. tel. 413 – 298-3524.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Students may start in July, August, January or February. Write Box R, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

WRITER available – articles, speeches, PR, reports, novels, humor. 212 – 388-5889.

$10 DAILY Writing Short Articles at Home. Begin Immediately! Copyrighted Report Reveals How and Where! Send $1.00. PanAm, Box 11796, Atlanta 5, Georgia.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $12.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, N.J.

Printed by National Publishing Co. 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Isn't America beautiful enough without you?"

By JEROME AGEL
Editor-Publisher

Every month we put out a lively newspaper for the literate reader with a sense of humor. Even our opening paragraphs involve you:

1) It was not like Richard Farina to have copped out at the *moment supreme*. The James Dean of lit'trature With him Success was only a matter of time. Or tim*ing*. . . .

2) Certain categories of individuals are so located in the social structure that they are barred from legitimate access to the ladder of achievement. . . . I wish to argue that when all such channels are barred, violence may offer alternate roads to achievement.

3) Sol Yurick: "Psychiatry is a false direction; it acts as social control. Anything that adjusts you to a corrupt society can't be good." Preparing to write his new novel, "Fertig," Yurick visited courtrooms for six months. "Most judges are mad. They are power crazy."

4) I asked her why she was riding with Quincy and she told me that he had been trying to mess with her. She said. . . .

5) Wearing an elephant mask, Wolf Vostell returned to America. . . .

6) Making book-publishing rounds and enthusiastic editors flip: "Ho Chi Minh's Daughter," by Lanh Ba. It purports to be her autobiography. It is tender, erotic, emotional.

7) "The Germans are modernizing their gas industry fast. The basis of their newest plant is. . . ."

8) Norman Podhoretz, what did you think of Victor S. Navasky's article in The New York Times, "Notes on Cult; or, How to Join the Intellectual Establishment"? Podhoretz: "Apart from inaccuracies and such, the main trouble with the Navasky piece is. . . ." Victor S. Navasky, what did you think of Norman Podhoretz's response to your article in The New York Times, "Notes on Cult; or, How to Join the Intellectual Establishment"? Navasky: "Apart from inaccuracies and such, the main trouble with the Podhoretz comment is. . . ."

9) Annette Levy must have been the only girl in the world whose mother kept telling her, "Marry, but don't marry a doctor." It worked. She married a doctor, with whom she has just written. . . .

10) To live in dignity or not to live in dignity—you would think there'd be no question. But there is, and it's being hotly debated, for the full question is, "Should all Americans receive an income from the government sufficient to live in dignity whether they hold jobs or not?"

11) Leonard Cohen: Poet, novelist, very confident young man with the stoop of a crop picker and the face of a furious little boy.

I will starve till prophets find me,
I will bleed till angels bind me.
Still I sing till churches blind me,
Still I love till cog-wheels wind me.

The name of our periodical is "BOOKS," but we cover the scene. What's happening. Who's happening. Underground. Overground.

Every issue is an unpredictable experience. We spotted Nader, McLuhan, "Passover Plot," "Beautiful Losers," "Games People Play," "The Swimmer" (the movie), and we were the first, the very first, to publish the "In Cold Blood" photos. We publish excerpts from the London Times Literary Supplement, plus reader-contributed features and summaries of hundreds of hardcover and paperback books in the month they are published, by category—*an original service*. Plus Plus Plus Scoop Scoop Scoop.

(One reason up to 75 per cent of our readers have resubscribed—an unprecedented loyalty—is our monthly psychodrama, the exclusive way-out, way-in "Cocktail Party" column. Excerpts: Kenneth Tynan: "One would feel less uneasy about Mr. Capote's role in this sorry affair if he had said— even once, even in an interview—that he did not think his friends deserved to die." . . . Two incidents in Geraldine Napier's "Here Come the Brides" won't find their way into the Reader's Digest Condensed Book version: A "suspicious" young man tries on a dress for his "sister," and an embittered young woman orders a special headpiece for her wedding: "Make it a crown of thorns." . . . The New Yorker magazine refused to publish two comments on sometime-New Yorker contributor Joseph Alsop in Hans Koningsberger's two-part article on China. One of the comments: "Remarkable are those who, without coming to China, write about horrors—as for instance J. Alsop who goes on unabashedly through the years predicting things which do not come true. . . .")

Some people really swing with us: "BOOKS has style; I read every word in every issue—and quote you at dinner parties. You're beautiful." "Scholarly books and authors never had it so good." "Terrific, lively writing style. Reading BOOKS is like living with someone you like." "Your scoops are very impressive." "Better than a James Bond flick." "Improve your paper stock. I'm number 43 on the route list." And from James Purdy: "How can you last? Isn't America beautiful enough without you?"

We're available only by subscription. Only $2.92 a year.

ONLY by SUBSCRIPTION. Not on Newsstands

BOOKS/Agel Publishing Co., Inc.
598 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022

Okay, BOOKS, THE LIVELY MONTHLY, I hear a different drummer, too.

NAME .....
(Please Print)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

My check is enclosed.

☐ One Year—$2.92
12 monthly issues

☐ Two Years—$5.50
24 monthly issues

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions; Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; other foreign—$2.00 per year.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED